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Review of New Books.

BIOGRAPHIA HIBERNICA.

A Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland, from the earliest periods to the present time. Written and compiled by Richard Ryan. 8vo. 2 vols.

The former of these volumes appeared in 1819; that which completes the work has just been published.

In impartiality and an honest love of the subject form estimable traits in biographical writing, the author has entitled himself to just commendation. He seems unbiassed and zealous in his sketches, and never departs from truth to gild a bad, or to disparage a good character. It was possible to have raised the style to a higher polish and elevation, but we have often seen, when this was attempted, so strange a sympathy and consent existed between manner and matter, that the life became swollen with the language, and the acts of the individual bore an exact proportion, not to reality but to the rounding of the periods which described them. Mr. Ryan has avoided this greatest of evils, and given us a plain, sensible account of many hundreds of distinguished Irish men and Irish women. The work forms altogether a capital repository of Hibernian biography, and is at once useful and entertaining. The following selections will serve to illustrate its merits, and, we trust, to augment its popularity, especially in Ireland, where it must be peculiarly acceptable, either for gratifying desultory reading or for reference.

"Constantia Grierson.

"That the most splendid talents, united with the most intense application, is not confined either to sex or sphere of life, is fully evinced by the subject of the present memoir. This prodigy of early learning and acquirements (whose maiden name is no where mentioned) was born in the county of Kilkenny, of parents poor and illiterate. Nothing is recorded of her until her eighteenth year, when we are told by Mrs. Pilkington, that she was brought to her father to be instructed in midwifery, and that then she was a perfect mistress of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French languages, and was far advanced in the study of the mathematics. Mr. Pilkington having inquired of her where she gained this prodigious knowledge, she modestly replied, that when she could spare time from her needle-work, to which she was closely kept by her mother, she had received some little instruction from the minister of the parish. She wrote elegantly (says Mrs. P.) both in verse and

prose; but the turn of her mind was chiefly to philosophical or divine subjects; nor was her piety inferior to her learning. The most delightful hours, this lady declares that she had ever passed, were in the society and conversation of this 'female philosopher.' My father, adds she, readily consented to accept of Constantia as a pupil, and gave her a general invitation to his table, by which means we were rarely asunder. Whether it was owing to her own design or to the envy of those who survived her, I know not, but of her various and beautiful writings I have never seen any published, excepting one poem of her's in the works of Mrs. Barber. Her turn, it is true, was principally to philosophical or religious subjects, which might not be agreeable to the present taste; yet could her heavenly mind descend from its sublimest heights to the easy and epistolary style, and suit itself to my then gay disposition.

"Mrs. Barber likewise gives her testimony to the merit of Constantia, of whom she declares, 'that she was not only happy in a fine imagination, a great memory, an excellent understanding, and an exact judgment, but had all these crowned by virtue and piety. She was too learned to be vain, too wise to be conceited, and too clear-sighted to be irreligious. As her learning and abilities raised her above her own sex, so they left her no room to envy any, on the contrary, her delight was to see others excel. She was always ready to direct and advise those who applied to her, and was herself willing to be advised. So little did she value herself upon her uncommon excellencies, that she has often recalled to my mind a fine reflection of a French author, 'That great geniuses should be superior to their own abilities.'

"Constantia married a Mr. George Grierson, a printer in Dublin, for whom Lord Carteret, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, obtained a patent appointing him printer to the King; in which, to distinguish and reward the merit of his wife, her life was inserted.

"She died in 1733, at the premature age of twenty-seven, admired and respected as an excellent scholar in Greek and Roman literature, in history, theology, philosophy, and mathematics. Her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to Lord Carteret,

* The following epigram was written by Mrs. Grierson to the Hon. Mrs. Percival, with Hutcheson's *Treatise on Beauty and Order*:—

Th' internal senses painted here we see,
They're born in others, but they live in thee;
Oh! were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold thy virtues in thy breast,
His needless labours with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read—but copy you.

affords a convincing proof of her knowledge in the Latin tongue; and by that of Terence to his son, to whom she wrote a Greek epigram. Dr. Harwood esteems her Tacitus one of the best edited books ever published. She wrote many fine poems in English, but esteemed them so slightly, that very few copies of them were to be found after her decease. What makes her character the more remarkable is, that she rose to this extraordinary eminence entirely by the force of natural genius and uninterrupted application. As a daughter, a wife, and a friend, her conduct was amiable and exemplary; and, had she been blessed with the advantages of health and longer life, there is every reason to believe she would have made a more distinguished figure in the learned world than any woman who had preceded her.

"Such are all the facts that are left to posterity of this high-gifted female; and we cannot help regretting, that while so many pains are taken to preserve memorials the most minute of individuals whose lives have glided away in a succession of miserable follies, so little has been recorded of a woman, whose mind was a casket richly stored with the gems of ancient and modern learning."

"Captain Stackpole, or, Stackpole.

"Was descended from the ancient family of that name in the county of Clare, and was a skilful and fearless commander, but was unfortunately slain in a duel, under the following extraordinary circumstances:—

Four years preceding the catastrophe, a naval officer inquired of Lieutenant Cecil if he knew Captain Stackpole, of the *Statria* frigate. Lieutenant Cecil replied he did, and had the highest opinion of him as an intrepid and skilful seaman, adding, at the same time, that he believed him capable of drawing occasionally a *long bow*. This answer was publicly talked of in the gun-room of the *Statria*; and at length reached the ears of Captain Stackpole, who, having ascertained that the words were spoken, declared that he would call Lieutenant Cecil to an account for them, when and wherever he met him. It was so far fortunate that they did not meet for four years; but the opportunity at last offered, when the *Statria* was lying in the harbour of Port Royal, Jamaica, and the *Argo*, of which Cecil was senior lieutenant, happened to enter that port. Immediately as Captain Stackpole was aware of the circumstance, he sent his first lieutenant, Mr. White, on board the *Argo*, with a message to Lieutenant Cecil, purporting he must either meet him immediately, or make a suitable apology for the slanderous words he had used. Lieutenant Cecil in reply said, that 'four years having

elapsed since the words were spoken, which he was charged with having uttered, it was quite impossible for him to recollect how far they were correct or not; but as a brother officer, and a man of honour, had quoted the words as his, he could not act otherwise than avow them. As to an apology, he wished Captain Stackpole to understand, that, under all the circumstances, he should have had no objection to apologize to any other officer in his majesty's navy, but to him it was impossible, the captain of the Statira being reputed throughout the navy as a good shot, and having been the friend and companion of Lord Camelford. In consequence of this reply, the parties met at a place called Park Henderson, at a quarter before five on the following morning, April 28, 1814; took their ground at ten paces, and fired as nearly together as possible, when Captain Stackpole received the ball of his adversary in his right side, fracturing the first rib, and passing through the lungs, which almost instantaneously deprived him of life. He died without speaking a word, or even uttering a groan. Immediately after the affair, he was removed on board the Statira, and from thence, on the following morning, to the place of his interment (Port Royal church-yard). His funeral was attended by Rear-Admiral Brown, all the navy, and most of the army, who saw the military honours due to his rank paid.

"Captain Stackpole's character in the navy was of the first possible standing, and his challenge to fight the Statira against the American frigate the Macedonian, had so endeared him to every officer and man on board his ship, that there were but few that could refrain from tears on learning his unhappy fate.

"How mysterious are the decrees of the Most High. The same individual, Lieutenant Cecil, who took the life of Stackpole, was himself engaged in a second duel a few months afterwards, on nearly the same ground, was slain, and was buried within a few yards of his former antagonist."

"Mary Tighe,

"A very superior woman, both in mind and acquirements, was born in Dublin, in 1774. Her father was the Rev. William Blashford, librarian of St. Patrick's Library, Dublin; and her mother, Theodosia Tighe, of Rosanna, in the county of Wicklow. She had the misfortune to lose her father while an infant; but, by the care of her excellent mother, her fine intellectual powers were developed and cultivated. In early life she appears to have mixed with the gay world; but an extreme sensibility, joined to great delicacy of sentiment, soon decided her preference for retirement, where, happy in her choice of a partner, and devoted to her relatives and friends, hope pointed exultingly to happiness, but sickness and death made their inroad in the choice circle; the loss of relatives, joined with other causes, undermined her own health, and after a painful struggle of six years, she departed this life with christian resignation and confident hope, at Woodstock, in the county of

Kilkenny, on the 24th of March, 1810, in the thirty-seventh year of her age.

"Her beautiful poem of *Psyche* will be remembered as long as elegance and classical taste can excite admiration; nor will her minor poems be forgotten, whilst piety, delicacy, and the most touching pathos have power to charm. With the profits arising from the above poems, an hospital ward has been endowed and attached to the House of Refuge, (a charitable institution founded by her mother in the county of Wicklow,) which is called the *Psyche* ward.

"She married her cousin, Henry Tighe, a man of considerable talent, who has been deceased about three years. Mr. T. represented the county of Wicklow in parliament, at the time of his decease. He was the author of "*The Statistical History of the County of Kilkenny*," a thick 8vo. published in 1799, by far the best of those county histories published under the auspices of the Dublin Society."

There is a history of Thomas Pleasants, which we shall insert in another Paper;—and a pleasing life of Captain Tuckey, but, as a brief biography of that unfortunate and enterprising officer appeared in the very first Number of the *Literary Gazette*, we abstain from quoting the more perfect details, and refer our readers for these and many other interesting sketches to Mr. Ryan, only adding two extremely short notices of Irish artists, whose names are associated with a branch of art now assuming a higher place than it has done for centuries in public estimation.

"John Jarvis,

"An eminent painter on glass, was born in Dublin about 1749. He first practised his art in his native city, in the prosecution of which he was much assisted by the chemical instructions of the late Dr. Cunningham. He then removed to London, where he was soon distinguished, and was employed to execute those beautiful works in painted glass at Oxford and Windsor, from the designs and under the inspection of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. President West. Jarvis died in London in 1804, greatly regretted by the admirers of the Fine Arts."

"George M'Allister

"Was born in the city of Dublin, in 1786. His original profession was that of a jeweller; but the art of painting on glass arrested his attention; and, with all the enthusiasm of youthful warmth, he devoted his hours unremittingly to patient investigation and repeated experiment, until, without the aid of patronage, instruction, or pecuniary assistance, he appeared like a bright luminary, dispelling the darkness with which self-interest had hitherto shrouded this particular branch of the Fine Arts. The delight and approbation with which a discerning public viewed his advances in the art, may be judged from this proof, that the Dublin Society, on the 3rd of December, 1807, after a critical examination of his performances, presented this youthful artist (then under twenty-one years) with a diploma, signifying, in the most honourable

and flattering terms, their unlimited patronage and approbation. He finished a superb window for the cathedral of Lismore; had proceeded on one of much larger dimensions for that of Tuam, and, anxious to finish it, by his incessant exertions his bodily powers failed. The heat and fumes of the furnace brought on a fever and inflammation of the brain, and deprived the world of a life both benevolent and useful. He expired on June 14, 1812, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, respected, admired, and beloved. He, however, communicated the principle of his art to his three sisters, who completed the windows of Tuam cathedral on his model, and still preserve and practice their brother's profession in his native city."

ON THE NUMERICAL EQUALITY OF THE TWO SEXES IN THE HUMAN SPECIES.

New Researches, intended to demonstrate the Existence of a superior Order of Things in Nature. By C. W. Hufeland, Counsellor of State and Physician to his Majesty the King of Prussia.

AMONG the numerous mysteries which the Creation presents to our view, that of the reproduction of organized beings is doubtless one of the most admirable. It is a continual creation; a continual repetition of the Divine Word, which ordered beings to exist.

This mystery appears to include a double prodigy. Not only do we see new beings pass from the invisible world to the visible world, but the reproduction of these beings takes place in a constant ratio, relatively to the perpetuation of the species. Thus, for instance, the reproduction of the human species is effected by the concurrence of two varieties of the same being, to which we have given the name of sexes, and these two varieties always present an invariable ratio of numerical equality. This is a subject worthy of serious attention and profound investigation.

When we go back as far as possible, that is to say, to the most ancient Chronicle of the human race, we find that "God created one man and one woman." Evidently founded on this ratio of equality, monogamy was at once the law and the custom of the infant world, of the patriarchs of the remotest antiquity. But the ancients, who were unacquainted with those statistical calculations which distinguish modern ages, have not transmitted to us any data on the numerical proportion of the sexes in times much anterior to those in which we live. Arbuthnot, physician to Queen Anne, was the first author who wrote on this subject. His dissertation is in the "*Philosophical Transactions* for 1712." He there shows, from the baptismal registers of London, that there exists a fixed proportion between the births of males and females; that more are born of the former than of the latter, and that in a constant proportion; and that, far from being an effect of chance, this may be considered as one of the proofs of a Providence watching over the preservation of the species.

S. Gravesande developed the same opinion in a letter to Nieuwentyt, who published it, with various additional observations; but the author who went the deepest into the question, was Süßmilch, provost of Berlin and member of the Academy of Sciences. By the aid of a great number of comparisons and calculations, this respectable author succeeded in discovering that a constant law preserved the relation of the two sexes in the proportion of 21 males to 20 females. The farther investigations made since his time have invariably confirmed the reality of this law.

Some authors, however, even in our own times, persist in believing that this law does not extend to the whole human race; but that it varies with the climate, and that in hot countries, for instance, the female sex is numerically predominant. They found their hypothesis in polygamy, which is practised in those countries, on the opinions of some travellers, (as Niebuhr and Bruce,) and lastly, on suppositions more or less arbitrary.

The author endeavours to show the weakness of these arguments; he considers polygamy as a luxury to which the mass of the population always remains a stranger, and if we admitted its influence on the proportion of the sexes, we must likewise admit the contrary influence of the plurality of husbands which takes place in Thibet, where, however, the numerical proportion of the sexes is not altered. Besides, the Jewish and the Christian religions, which both originated in the East, lay down monogamy as a precept, and the Divine Founder of Christianity builds this law on the relation of numerical equality established between the sexes at the time of the Creation, (Math. xix. 4.) But the author's most solid argument is founded on the multitude of facts which demonstrate that the numerical proportion of the sexes at the birth is precisely the same in Europe and in the other parts of the world. Precise information respecting the proportion sought, can, however, only be obtained in those countries where Christianity has introduced baptism and baptismal registers. From an examination of the registers of the births in the Indian and European families, in the mission of Tranquebar, during the space of seventeen years, the author infers that the proportion above stated is confirmed in that country. The births among the European families are 156 males, and 147 females; among the Indians, 914 males, and 857 females.

The registers of the mission at Calcutta gives, during four years among the Tamuls, 1,290 males, and 1,240 females; that is, in the ratio of 25 to 26. According to the census made at Batavia, in 1748, the total number of individuals below the age of 14, was 34,000 males, and 28,000 females.—The researches of Humboldt (whom nothing escapes that can promote the knowledge of nature and enlighten mankind) finally place the principle beyond doubt. From the registers of parishes which he was able to examine, he found the proportion of males to females, in New Spain, to be as 100 to 97, being an excess of males but little differing

from that in France where the numbers are as 100 to 96.

The author has made similar researches relatively to the Jewish people, the living monument of the times of the Patriarchs. He found that of 893 births, which took place in sixteen years in the Jewish families at Berlin, there were 528 boys and 365 girls. This is a remarkable excess of the males above the females, the proportion is as 21 to 14½, instead of the usual proportion of 21 to 20.

"The pretended excess of the female sex in hot countries," says the author, "can therefore be no longer maintained, and we hope we have demonstrated, that the proportion of 21 to 20, or rather that of perfect equality, extends to all parts of the globe. I say, a relation of perfect equality, because, it has been observed that, from the birth to the age of fourteen, there die more boys than girls, and that the excess of male individuals no longer exists at this period. Thus this excess, far from forming, as had been imagined, a kind of compensation for the more numerous dangers which threaten the lives of males, appears to be solely relative to the greater mortality among males in the earlier years of life. If, adds the author, we would investigate the cause of this difference, we should perhaps discover it in a greater perfection of the organism, whence there naturally results a more energetic action of the powers destined to operate the development, a more considerable re-action of the fibres, and consequently a more inflammatory diathesis.* At all events, this mortality appears to depend on the primitive organization; since scrupulous inquiries into the proportion of the sexes in still-born children, show an excess of male individuals.

"But how does it happen, that so admirable an order prevails, and is preserved amidst all the individual varieties? or, what comes to the same thing, how did the law of equality come to be established, and what is the secret link connecting the apparent and the invisible world?"

Such is the grand and beautiful problem which the author proposes, after having established the facts from which it arises. It appears to him the more worthy of attention, as its solution might throw some light on the mysterious processes of reproduction,

* This theory would be plausible, only in as much as it should be founded on the not improbable supposition of a greater force impressed on the organic system of a male infant, because, when grown to maturity, he is generally stronger than the female. But to say that the organism of the man is more perfect than that of the woman, seems to be a very equivocal expression. The two sexes seem to us equal in perfection; that is, in the adaptation of the means to the end; and even in this point of view the woman seems to have a great advantage over the man in a system which, giving her the admirable privilege of doubling her existence every time that she becomes a mother, requires a much more complicated organization than that of the man. The woman is, therefore, more perfect, in proportion as the problem which she solves is more beautiful and more difficult.

the general phenomena of which seem to have been too long neglected. The generation of the human species is intimately connected with the reproduction of all Organic Nature. We must, therefore, examine Nature in its whole extent, and investigate the relations of the sexes to each other, through all the links of the great chain of organized beings. Naturalists have never considered this question on a great scale, and have in general given us only scattered and unconnected fragments.

In the vegetable kingdom we find all imaginable proportions between the sexes, from that of equality to that of a hundred males to one female. It seems, therefore, that in this kingdom there is a decided excess of males, whence it follows, that monogamy is very rare. It may be farther remarked, that, with regard to the size and perfection of the individual, there is in the vegetable kingdom an arrangement the reverse of that which is observed in the animal kingdom:—the female plant is in general larger and finer than the male plant.

The analogy which we might attempt to establish from those plants which unite the two sexes in the same individual, and in which the preservation of the species does not depend on insulated and independent factors, is much less strongly marked than between animals and plants of different sexes. But even in the latter we find a great excess of males, as in hemp for example, in the willow and the poplar.

In worms the union of the two sexes in the same individual does not admit of the question of numerical preponderance, but we know two orders of intestinal worms in which the sexes are separate. In one of those orders there is a great excess of females, and in the other no male has yet been discovered.

Among insects the male sex seems in general predominant, but here great distinctions are to be made. Thus, though we find only one female bee among a great number of males, it must be considered that the working bees are in fact imperfect females, and, under certain conditions of regime, each of them may attain the development necessary to become a queen. The hermaphrodite or Amazon ants are in like manner undeveloped females. Among fishes (according to Block) the males predominate; but it must be remarked that, in this oviparous class, the female begins by laying a prodigious number of eggs, which are subsequently fecundated by the male; thus the advantage in respect to production is here with the female sex.

Staunton, in his voyage to China, informs us, that the seal fishers who take those animals by thousands, always reckon thirty females for one male.

We are not well acquainted with the proportion of the sexes in amphibia. M. Rudolphi, however, has discovered that in the common lizard the male sex is much more rare than the female.

In birds the female sex is decidedly predominant, and two-thirds of the eggs generally produce females. Yet some examples of monogamy (pigeons, turtles, swallows,

&c.) are found in this class, which may, however, have other causes than the absolute equality of the sexes.

But in the mammalia polygamy is more decided. One male suffices for thirty or forty females. The author remarks, however, that in proportion as animals of this class have a more perfect organization and approach nearer to the law of monogamy, the masculine sex obtains the preponderance. This is the case with horses.

It appears then that, among animals in general, there is a real excess of females; in man alone this proportion seems to be reversed at the period of birth, that is to say, an excess of males is observed, destined to lead in the sequel to the ratio of equality.

After all these preliminary considerations and data, the author arrives at the principal object of his researches, which he presents under the following point of view: he asks, "How does it happen that in man, in this race which is freed from the imperious law of instinct, and liable to all the aberrations which may result from liberty, and amidst the very various circumstances which influence the reproduction of the species, the admirable law of the numerical equality of the sexes is preserved without alteration?"

"This subject," he adds, "considered either in itself or in its consequences, appeared to me of such importance, that I resolved to submit the principal fact to farther and more scrupulous investigation. The following were, I thought, the first questions to be examined. At what epoch does the law, which produces so constant a proportion, begin to be established? Where shall we seek the elements of this wonderful order? For before we proceed to the general question, we must have some certain data.

"First, it seemed evident that this ratio of equality did not take place in detail or in individual cases; for we see whole families in which none but males are born, others in which there are only females; and it is rare to find the two sexes equal in number.

"From individual cases I proceeded to collections of twenty, thirty, fifty families, which compose villages of 150 to 300 inhabitants. But here, too, I found the same results as in families. In some years all the births were of females, in others all of males. Sometimes, for several years together, there were born none but individuals of one sex. Lastly, I endeavoured to collect lists of births for 10 or 15 successive years, and then I obtained the fundamental ratio of male births to female as 21 to 20.

"I went farther: what is observed," said I, "at the end of 10 years, in small communities, ought to occur at much shorter intervals in more considerable communities. I procured, therefore, lists of the births in towns of 5000 inhabitants and more, and I found that the births of one month, separately taken, agreed no better with the fundamental proportion than those of a year had done in small communities; but when I took as many months as I had taken years in small communities, the proportion appeared again entirely correct. I found that in towns containing 50,000 inhabitants the proportion was established

every four months; in those of 100,000 inhabitants every month; and in those of 200,000 inhabitants, such as Berlin, every week.

"These remarks led me to think, that what took place in the course of a year (a month) in a population of some hundred thousand individuals, might probably take place in one day under a population of some millions. By the assistance of his Excellency Baron Schuckmann, Minister of State, I had the good fortune to obtain a list of the births in one day in the whole kingdom of Prussia, that is, in a population of ten millions of souls; and I was agreeably surprised to find the confirmation of my theory. For though each particular province gave a very different result, and in some the births of one sex were double those of the other, yet this inequality did not affect the ratio of the two sums total, namely, 587 of the male sex and 556 of the female sex in the same day, which sums are to each in the ratio of 21 to 19 9-10ths, and thus extremely near to that of 21 to 20. I will remark, that the addition of the lists of three or four provinces would have sufficed to find this proportion, taking care, however, that the total number of the births in each province amounted at least to some hundreds. The following table will explain what I have just said:—

"List of the Births which took place in the whole extent of the Prussian Monarchy, on the 1st of August, 1816.

I.—EAST PRUSSIA.	Boys.	Girls.
Koenigsberg	39	21
Gumbinnen	21	21
II.—WEST PRUSSIA.		
Dantzic	18	12
Marienwerder	17	23
III.—BRANDENBURG.		
Berlin	7	10
Potsdam	30	19
Frankfort on the Oder ...	33	29
IV.—POMERANIA.		
Stettin	7	14
Koeslin	17	8
V.—SILESIA.		
Breslau	26	31
Reichenbach	16	20
Liegnitz	24	34
Oppeln	38	35
VI.—POSEN.		
Posen	43	39
Bromberg	21	20
VII.—SAXONY.		
Merseburg	24	37
Magdeburg	35	24
Erfurth	12	10
VIII.—WESTPHALIA.		
Munster	15	15
Minden	24	17
Arnsberg	20	21
IX.—CLEVES, BERG.		
Cologne	24	20
Dusseldorf	15	16
Cleves	11	13
Coblenz	18	20
Aix-la-Chapelle	16	14
Trevs	15	13
Sum total	587	556
As 21 to 19 9-10ths.		

"Let us now take one step more. Let us arbitrarily fix at a million millions of souls, the population spread over the whole sur-

face of our globe, and let us suppose that we could comprehend this immense whole in one view; following the preceding progression, is it not probable that we might behold every instant the birth of an individual of each sex, and that we should then be continually present at the first act of the Creation, that act which gave existence to the first man and the first woman, and which has ever since been incessantly repeated?"

"I stop: we have just seen that the progress of time always restores to the proportion of the sexes, at the hour of birth, that exactness which is wanting, in an instant, or in a given place; and time, place, and a determinate quantity of human individuals, are the mysterious factors which produce and maintain this equilibrium."

We have pointed out the facts; we have demonstrated the law which unites them, and we have determined it with precision. It fills us with astonishment and admiration. But are we therefore more capable of explaining it? and can we better tell the *How*, of this indubitable equilibrium?

Yet there is one point on which it seems to us there can be no doubt; it is that this law is placed higher than the laws of individual life, higher than the laws of ordinary physics and physiology, and that there exists a superior order of things which governs the life of the species. Let me be allowed to make some reflections on this subject.

Reply to the Anti-Matrimonial Hypothesis and supposed Atheism of Percy Bysshe Shelley, as laid down in Queen Mab.

This anonymous and ably-written pamphlet of 76 pages, demands a notice in the Literary Gazette, both for public and private reasons. If exposure of the insane wickedness of the Author of Queen Mab were necessary, the present writer has well exposed, in the chief points which he handles, the utter helplessness of his arguments, and the utter depravity of his principles. But we trust that the mass of guilty folly carried with it its own antidote. Instinct causes the ignorant to shrink from the sting of that venomous reptile which reason teaches the better informed to be noxious and destructive. Even a dog starts aside from the adder in its path; and men and christians revolt with like alarm and abhorrence from the contamination of the anti-social wretch who tries to poison the sweetest draught in the cup of human existence, and the infidel who would crown the desolation of this world by an ectome of the next. Nevertheless, it may be proper to warn the unwary of their peril, and having done so in our journal, when this pernicious book was published, we must approve of the same purpose in the work now

† This supposition recalls the fine idea of Plato, who supposes that every instant a human individual issues from the hands of the Creator, but separated into two halves, each belonging to one of the sexes. It is only by the re-union of these two halves that man be recomposed, and it is in consequence of their reciprocal affinity that they constantly desire and seek each other.

before us, in which very strong logical powers are evinced.

The publisher of Queen Mab, whom we rejoice to see is also the publisher of this *Anathema*, which is some atonement for his error, has written to us in bitterness of spirit, and accused the Literary Gazette of being the source of prosecution and threatened ruin to him and his family. We war not against individuals, but, on reflection, we are sure Mr. Clarke must feel that his own criminal act, not our denunciation of it, has brought him within the peril of punishment. For a selfish consideration he did not hesitate to injure society; and the person who brands this conduct is only doing his duty, as he would hinder the poisoning of a fountain, or the cutting of a throat. But, it is our hope, and the present work strengthens it, that Mr. Clarke is disposed to do all he can to remedy the evil of which he was the propagator.

With regard to this pamphlet, it is a complete refutation of the absurdities by which Shelley propped his beautifully philosophical plan of universal happiness, by means of universal prostitution; and proves, in a masterly way, the egregious stupidity of a pseudo sage, whose basis consisted in confounding the contradictory ideas of a new world, (perfect, because imagined by himself,) with a reformation of the old world, (imperfect, because the production of an Almighty Power). Well does the writer contend that the proposition of Shelley "has more of the devil in it, than of man," and clearly does he demonstrate the horrible state to which mankind must be debased, could his vile principles be acted upon.

But we think him less successful in his reasoning on the Atheism of that person. He shows him to be inconsistent to be sure, but he is not the less an Atheist, because he has not distinct notions of his own infernal creed. But we will not again enter into this filthy sty. To those who wish to peruse a clever treatise on the question, we recommend this reply.

Continuation of the Romance of the Recluse

[will be completed in two other Nos.]

THE Count de Norindall and his companions had sojourned for some days at the abbey. Egbert vainly endeavoured to overcome his passion for Elodie, and the secret of his heart now no longer escaped the observation of his friends.

The maid of Underlach was loitering in the gardens of the old convent, when the Count de Norindall unexpectedly appeared before her. "Amiable Elodie," said Egbert, "long ere this my duty required me to quit the vale of Underlach. What magic detains me?—What unknown power rivets me to this spot?—Alas! once I defied this magic, and doubted the existence of such a power!—Prostrate at your feet, the friend of the Duke of Lorraine proffers to you, not the splendour of his rank and fortune, that cannot dazzle you, but the homage of a sincere heart, which now for the first time truly loves. What is your reply?" "That he is not master of his destiny,"

said Elodie, "that he has already pledged his faith, and that none but the august sister of René can be the bride of Norindall." "What do I hear?" exclaimed Egbert, "can a vague project, known only to a few intimate friends of René, a secret of the court of Nanci, have reached this solitary retreat! The Duke of Lorraine, it is true, has offered me his sister's hand; but I am bound by no engagement. I shall, indeed, by my refusal, forfeit the friendship of René; but, love has wrought a transformation in my soul; glory, fortune, honours, no longer charm me; angelic Elodie, deign to smile on me, and Underlach will be Elysium." "Count de Norindall," replied the daughter of Saint-Maur, "I am at a loss to comprehend the language which you address to me. Why talk to me of marriage! Baron Herstatt must dispose of my hand. Why talk to me of love! tis that to which I must not listen." With these words Elodie returned to the monastery.

She had not been long in her apartment when she was summoned to attend Baron Herstatt. He was alone; Egbert had just left him. "My dear Elodie," said the old man, "the Count de Norindall has solicited your hand in marriage. His fortune, his rank, his reputation, his valour, all are brilliant and spotless.—What answer shall I return to him? Educated in this solitary cloister, you have known only our wild mountaineers; your heart cannot have been susceptible to passion, and Count Egbert is worthy of your love." "Father," replied Elodie, "the valiant Egbert is doubtless destined to fill an exalted sphere; I am not worthy to be the companion of his glory; I should be misplaced amid the splendour of courts; the wild flowers of our valley perish when transplanted to other climes. Call to mind the last prayers of the unfortunate widow of Saint-Maur. Think of the words which my mother addressed to you on her death-bed! Sooner than disobey the dying mandate of my mother, I will, among these mountains, devote my life to the service of religion. The daughter of Saint-Maur is free in her choice; she can never be the bride of the Count de Norindall!" She pronounced these words with a degree of firmness that astonished Herstatt. Her determination appeared to be irrevocable. The old man blamed her refusal; but the last exhortation of his dying sister was present to his recollection. He had promised to use no constraint in disposing of Elodie; and his promise was sacred.

What words can express the grief and mortification of Egbert. The orphan had disdained his hand—had rejected his splendid offer!—Mounted on a fiery courser, the Count de Norindall quitted the Abbey of Underlach. The warlike trumpet, the neighing of steeds, the clang of arms, no longer resounded through the vaults of the abbey. The daughter of Saint-Maur secretly reproached herself for having refused the hand of Egbert. But for the late appearance of the Recluse near the bridge of the torrent, and her recent conversation with Marcelina, Elodie would not have hesitated in her reply to Baron Herstatt. But

these new proofs of the lively interest which the mysterious inhabitant of the Wild Mountain took in her behalf, had gained complete ascendancy over her mind.

Herstatt's health was rapidly declining. The monastery, its dependencies, all that he possessed, were, at his death, to be the inheritance of Elodie. But alone, without a protector and guide, what would be the lot of the orphan. The Countess Imberg, a distant relation of Herstatt, who had long resided at the court of Lorraine, possessed several chateaux in Switzerland. To this lady Herstatt addressed the most urgent prayers in favour of his niece, begging that at his death she would become to her a mother.

The burning heat of summer was now succeeded by the refreshing breezes of autumn. The Recluse seemed to have forsaken the valley, and the maid of Underlach became every day more pensive and melancholy. One evening, seated in the garden of the monastery, her eyes turned towards the neighbouring mountain—"How many days and years," said she, "has that white veil covered the mountain's top; venerable oaks and warlike monuments have perished before it; it has survived our oldest patriarchs; and will still remain long after the village of Underlach shall have forgotten the orphan of the abbey, and ceased to bless the Recluse."

She was startled by a loud noise at the gate of the park, and suddenly a knight armed cap-a-pie, appeared before her. The terrified maid of Underlach was about to fly, but the unknown knight detained her. He raised his vizor, and Elodie recognized Egbert. "The Count de Norindall seized the trembling hand of the orphan, and, in spite of her shrieks and resistance, conveyed her to a carriage, escorted by several knights, which stood in readiness to receive the victim at the gate of the park. Elodie threw herself at the feet of the Count. "Egbert! noble Egbert!" she exclaimed, "you are not capable of such monstrous wickedness. Magnanimous knight! can it be possible that you now, for the first time, turn a deaf ear to the voice of distress?" "Rise, angelic creature," said the Count, "honour and virtue are still dear to me; do not, therefore, compel me to violate either. You may yet retract your first refusal. Recall Egbert to the monastery—What! not a word of pity? not even a consoling look?—Cruel Elodie! is it so odious a lot to be the bride of Egbert?—But it is plain you hate me. We shall soon cross the valley; when we reach the torrent—point to the gulf—I will obey—I will, without scruple, end a life, which, without you, is insupportable."

They took the road leading to the village. Egbert rode beside the carriage of Elodie. As they approached the torrent, a voice of thunder seemed to resound through the forest. At the extremity of the bridge stood a gigantic warrior in an attitude of defiance. His huge emblazoned buckler resembled the shield of the son of Thetis! Already the soldiers of Egbert have advanced to attack their intrepid opponent, who seemed ready

to annihilate all who approached him. The companions of the Count were hurled one by one into the torrent, and Egbert, sword in hand, furiously rushed forward to attack the warrior. At sight of the Count de Norindall, the unknown knight was filled with astonishment; he fell back a few paces, and, in an authoritative tone, exclaimed "Stop!" He threw down the immense shield which almost concealed his handsome figure, and, as he raised the vizor of his helmet, the light of the moon shone full on the noble features of the son of victory, who stood, like the king of the gods, darting his thunderbolts from mount Ida. What was the surprise of Elodie to recognize the hunter of the mountain: her deliverer is no other than the Recluse!

A sudden terror seemed to have taken possession of Egbert! The Recluse uttered not a word, but pointed with his sword towards the Wild Mountain. Egbert understood the mysterious sign.—"I will attend you," he exclaimed, and immediately ascended the rock. The Recluse mounted one of the steeds which had belonged to the companions of Egbert. He approached Elodie's carriage, which now took the road to the monastery. With what grace and vigour the hero curbed the fiery impetuosity of his courser. Ah! thought Elodie, what marvellous exploits must have distinguished his illustrious life; what innumerable laurels must have crowned his victorious brow; on the field of honour, how must his invincible arm have dealt destruction on his foes! But the chariot soon reached the monastery, and the Recluse disappeared.

Herstall once more pressed the orphan to his bosom. Informed of all the circumstances of the fatal evening, he returned thanks to the Almighty and the valiant deliverer of his adopted child. Elodie, overcome with fatigue, retired to her apartment. Herstall consulted his friend Anselmo; he dreaded some new act of violence on the part of the Count de Norindall. On the following day, however, the daughter of Saint-Maur received a letter from the Count. He implored her forgiveness, assured her that she had no reason to dread further violence, and begged her to put faith in the sincerity of his repentance. He solicited the favour of an interview before he should quit Switzerland for ever.

The hour appointed for the interview approached. Elodie repaired to the hall of the monastery to receive the friend of René. At length Count Egbert appeared. His countenance was pale and dejected: "Noble daughter of Saint-Maur," said he, "to grant me a moment's conversation is to afford me the hope of pardon.—Egbert is no longer to be feared; he for ever renounces Elodie, love, happiness, and—why may he not add—life!" "Count Egbert," said Elodie,—"Spare me!" he exclaimed, interrupting her, "let not the sweet melody of your voice salute my ear, or I again fall at your feet; let not the bright eyes of Elodie ever meet mine, or no human power can tear me from this spot—all my solemn oaths to the Recluse will be forgotten!" "Your oaths to the Recluse!" said the astonished maid

of Underlach. "Yes," replied Egbert, wildly, "I have sworn to renounce you! I have sworn never more to trouble your repose!" The Recluse imperatively required this sacrifice, in spite of my tears—the first I ever shed." Every word uttered by Count Norindall increased the amazement of Elodie.—"Egbert," said she, "it is then to the Recluse that I am indebted for your noble repentance, your generous resolution?"—"Ask me no questions," interrupted the Count with vehemence, "I dare not betray his secrets—you yourself would tremble to hear them!" then, in a more tranquil tone, he added, "Elodie, if my assistance should ever be useful to her, over whose destiny the watchful eye of the Recluse is fixed, the unhappy Count de Norindall is ready to perish in your service." With these words he withdrew, leaving Elodie lost in astonishment. How, thought she, can the obscure hermit of the mountain controul the actions of the powerful Count de Norindall? By what right is he the arbiter of his destiny?

Herstall could ill conceal his disappointment at having been unable to prevail on his niece to follow Count Egbert to the altar: "Anselmo," said he to his venerable friend, "I am at a loss to explain the indifference of Elodie. The young, the gay, the intrepid Count de Norindall united in his person all that could charm the heart of woman. Yet, strange to say, Elodie disdains the most captivating of men, is insensible to the most passionate of lovers! Yes, Anselmo, the more I think on it, the more I am convinced that another has made an impression on her heart." "But, in this solitary retreat," inquired Anselmo, who could have acquired any ascendancy over her?" "Who!" replied Herstall, "he who is at once the admiration and the terror of the surrounding country; he whose name is on all lips, and whose benevolence is engraven on all hearts; in fine, the Recluse—the man of mystery!"—"Impossible!" exclaimed Anselmo. "I know, resumed Herstall, "that they have seen each other, and have conversed together. Mark me, Anselmo! Elodie is in the age of illusion and enthusiasm; the Recluse is still in the flower of life, and is one of the handsomest of men. Even before she saw him, her imagination pictured him as a kind of tutelary saint. The beauty of his person operated as a new spell; a being almost celestial addressed to her the language of passion. These enchantments were irresistible! Every thing tends to convince me that the hermit of Underlach is a man of superior rank. He has dictated commands to the proud Count de Norindall! the friend of the Duke of Lorraine has fallen at the feet of the Recluse!—Can I longer doubt the power of the conqueror of Egbert, and his love for the orphan?—I will instantly repair to the Wild Mountain!"—"You, Herstall!" exclaimed Anselmo:—"Why not?" inquired Herstall. I know that, according to popular superstition, a dreadful death awaits him who may venture to approach the abode of the Recluse; but why should such absurdities terrify me, when, probably,

the happiness of Elodie depends upon this interview?"

At daybreak, on the following morning, the old man arose and set out on his portentous journey. The hours passed heavily away. Elodie sat in the great balcony of the monastery, with her eyes alternately fixed on the Wild Mountain and raised towards Heaven. Evening approached. Herstall ought long since to have returned! "What can detain him?" Impatience is succeeded by fear. The red beams of the setting sun rested on the summit of the Wild Mountain. The maid of Underlach uttered a shriek of horror; she thought she saw a line of blood drawn between her and the mountain.

She hastily withdrew from the balcony, and, addressing herself to mother Ursula, "Follow me," she said, "we must instantly repair in quest of Herstall!" "To the Wild Mountain?" inquired the trembling Ursula. "No matter, follow me without delay." She crossed the park, and soon reached the bridge of the torrent, near the entrance to the forest. A violent storm arose, lengthened peals of thunder seemed to shake the very earth, and the darkness of the forest was relieved by vivid flashes of lightning.

Elodie had already left mother Ursula at a considerable distance behind her, and appeared resolved on the sacrifice of her life. Suddenly a hollow groan was heard; it seemed to be the last effort of one struggling in the agonies of death. She stood for a moment petrified with horror; but quickly recovering, flew to the group of trees whence the dismal sound had issued. The body of a man, apparently lifeless, lay stretched upon the ground. A large black cloak concealed his figure. Elodie summoned all her resolution, approached, drew aside the mantle, and recognized—Herstall!

At this horrible spectacle, the air resounded with her shrieks. In the mean while Ursula had come to her assistance. "I perceive no wound," said Elodie, "perhaps he has only swooned. Ursula, hasten to the village—prompt assistance may yet restore him."

Ursula departed, and speedily returned, accompanied by two shepherds. Herstall, extended on a litter, was borne down the mountain by the shepherds. The mournful convoy, followed by Elodie, silently passed through the village and reached the courtyard of the abbey.

Medical aid was speedily administered to Herstall, the *Æsculapius* of the valley, devoted his whole attention to his dying friend, but without the hope of rescuing him from death. Not a word of consolation escaped the lips of the venerable pastor, and his silence seemed to forebode the death of Herstall. After a few days, however, the patient began to recognize those by whom he was surrounded. He endeavoured to address a few words to Elodie; vain effort, his tongue was paralysed and mute! "Father Anselmo," said Elodie, "do not deceive me; this dreadful state cannot be natural!—Herstall is

"the victim of some atrocious enemy!"—"His symptoms," replied Anselmo, "do not lead to a suspicion that his illness is occasioned by violent means. Herstatt fell in the forest by a stroke of apoplexy."

This answer seemed to remove a weight from the heart of Elodie. "O my father," said she, bending over the couch of Herstatt, "do not forsake your child. Fatal journey," she continued, "the excessive fatigue; your interview with the Recluse—" At the name of the Recluse, Herstatt appeared suddenly seized with horror. His eye flashed with rage. A violent effort, like a deadly convulsion, restored motion to his lips; and a few words scarcely intelligible escaped them. "The monster!—Wretched Elodie!—Fly!—" The struggle was over. Between the maid of Underlach and her adopted parent the curtain of eternity had already fallen! The inconsolable Elodie, thus bereft of the friend of her youth, seemed unable to survive him. Her life was on the point of falling a sacrifice to the violence of her grief.

By degrees, however, the pious consolations of Anselmo somewhat restored her. The last wishes of Herstatt had been fulfilled. His mortal remains were deposited in the garden of the monastery, beneath a cluster of trees, whose thick foliage excluded the rays of the sun. No sculptured monument adorned his sepulchre. No pompous inscription recorded his virtues. A simple crucifix rose above the rustic grave. On recovering her strength, Elodie's first thought was to visit the tomb of Herstatt. At the approach of evening, she silently stole across the park, and, bathed in tears, prostrated herself at the foot of the cross. Absorbed in meditation, she suffered the moments to slip away unobserved. Repelling with horror the recollection of the Recluse, she repeated to herself the dying words of Herstatt.

The shades of night already obscured the dismal grove. Astonished at her long reverie, the maid of Underlach slowly raised her head. But what object met her eyes!—Leaning against one of the trees, before her stood the hunter of the mountain, contemplating her in silence, and motionless as a statue. The calm serenity of the conqueror of Egbert, the tender expression of his countenance, instantly banished every thought of terror from the mind of Elodie. She fancied she saw him shed a pious tear on the grave of Herstatt. His visit to the grave, which could only be to pay the last homage to the memory of her father, filled her heart with joy and gratitude, and the Recluse was already pardoned. "Maid of Underlach," said he, advancing towards her, "you have thought me guilty!—You have accused me of the death of Herstatt!—I wish to justify myself in your presence. Before this revered cross, in the face of Heaven, I swear, that the Wild Mountain has never yet been polluted by the crimes of the Recluse." With these words, he placed his hand on the sacred sign of the Redemption, and seemed to challenge every power, human or divine, to gainsay his solemn declaration. "I see," continued he, "that

your heart acquits me.—Adieu!" "And we part, perhaps for ever," said Elodie, making an involuntary movement to detain him. "How!" resumed the Recluse, "do you deign to honour me with a regret?" "Were you not my deliverer?" said Elodie, with a trembling voice. In a fit of transport, the hunter of the mountain threw himself at her feet. "Angelic girl," he exclaimed, "why force me to break all my resolutions!—Why tear from me the fatal confession that I love you! Like a celestial being sent to enliven this gloomy retreat, you have restored me to existence. In this world, Elodie is all to me; and yet Elodie can never be mine!" "Never!" repeated the orphan; and in that word of tenderness and despair the sentiments of her heart were fully developed. The Recluse gazed on her for a few moments in silence. Then in the most impassioned tone, "Elodie," he exclaimed, "can it be possible!—Elodie, do you love me?—Then Heaven has at length pardoned me.—I may hope for happiness. I have only a heart to offer; but that heart is burning with love!—Come then, charming Elodie, and change my dreary abode to Elysium!" With these words he took the hand of the maid of Underlach, and was about to lead her from the grove. "Stay," she exclaimed, "whither would you conduct me?" "To the Wild Mountain! to love! to happiness!" replied the Recluse with transport. "No," said Elodie, resisting him with energy, "I dare not follow you; leave me!" The mysterious man instantly released her hand. "Pardon," said he, "a momentary fit of phrensy.—What have I presumed to hope! That you would follow me to a desert rock! Was I worthy of such a sacrifice!—No. Elodie you are free! But, if any misfortune should threaten you, if my presence can ever rescue from danger, kindle the watch-light on the high tower of the abbey, and the Recluse will instantly appear before you." He then hastily crossed the garden, and in a moment was out of sight.

Early on the following morning, Anselmo visited the monastery. He held a paper in his hand. "Here," said he, "is a letter which I have just received from the Countess Imberg. To-morrow you may expect her at the abbey." The orphan perused the letter. The Countess seemed to take a lively interest in her fate. Her language was affectionate, and her heart appeared to be noble and benevolent.

Elodie had just completed the necessary arrangements for the reception of her noble guest, when a confused noise was heard in the court-yard. The Countess had arrived with a numerous retinue of knights, squires, and pages, and immediately tumult and confusion prevailed throughout the monastery. Elodie swiftly descended the grand staircase, and at the vestibule received the Countess, who was attended by a brilliant escort. Near her stood a knight in full armour. "Dear Elodie," said the Countess Imberg, presenting the maid of Underlach to the warrior who accompanied her, "allow me to introduce you to my friend the Prince of Palzo, the head of one of the most illus-

trious families in Germany. He insisted on escorting me across the mountains, and I have prevailed on him to remain, for a few days, at the monastery. I need not express the pleasure I feel in thus having an opportunity of introducing my valiant knight to my adopted niece." The orphan made a profound obeisance to the Prince of Palzo, whose eyes continued for some minutes immovably fixed upon her.

The Countess expressed herself highly satisfied with the apartments which had been prepared for her; and when she retired to her chamber to take a few hours repose, she seemed to separate from Elodie with regret. Though an adept in the art of dissembling, the Countess Imberg was famed for her sincerity. She seemed constantly occupied in spreading a veil of mystery over her good actions; and yet their minutest details invariably reached the public ear. Though a slave to all the vanities of the world, she spoke of luxury with disdain; though of a despotic temper, she declaimed against tyranny; though ambitious, she extolled the happiness of humble life. Dignified and graceful in her manners, affable in conversation, she was the idol of the multitude, and the oracle of her numerous admirers.

The Prince of Palzo had attained the meridian of life. A general in the service of the Duke of Lorraine, bearing an illustrious name, and possessed of immense wealth, he nevertheless complained of the rigours of fortune. A skilful conspirator, he possessed the art of flattering the passions of the multitude, exciting discontent, and fomenting hatred. An eloquent orator, no one knew better how to employ the magical words of liberty and independence. Louis XI. had remarked the Prince of Palzo. Such a man precisely suited his political views. Louis had already rendered himself master of one of the provinces of the Duke of Lorraine, and had kindled the fire of discord in Nancy. Secret negotiations were set on foot between his ministers and the Prince of Palzo. A vast conspiracy was organized. The rebellious subjects of René, instigated by the agents of the French king, were ready to hoist the standard of revolution. They wanted only a chief, and they fixed their choice on the Prince of Palzo. The prince proceeded to Switzerland, where numerous bands of conspirators were ready to join him. The Duke of Lorraine was to be invested on all sides, and Louis held out to the Prince of Palzo the hope of the sovereignty of a province.

The departure of the Countess Imberg for the Abbey of Underlach wonderfully facilitated the plans of the chief of the insurgents. Under pretence of accompanying a friend, he quitted the court of Lorraine; his plans were all arranged; the Countess was acquainted with them all; and the infamous plot was almost ripe for development.

What a change had taken place in the monastery! Banners now floated from the towers. Centinels were stationed at all the outlets of the venerable edifice. The drum beat, the trumpet sounded; the prince re-

viewed his troops; in fine, the peaceful cloister was converted into a warlike citadel.

The prince had not seen Elodie without admiration, and he openly avowed his passion. How dreadful was the situation of the orphan of Underlach. The prince, fearing the influence and the councils of father Anselmo, had prohibited the venerable pastor from entering the abbey. Elodie had no hope but in her new protectress; but the Countess was devoted to the enterprising chief. The prince had informed her of his passion for Elodie, and had solicited the hand of her adopted niece. That niece might one day be a queen! How could the Countess hesitate? Flattered by the generous offers of the prince, the Countess promised that the orphan should be his bride, and she gave orders for the speedy celebration of the nuptials.

"Elodie," said the Countess, "follow the Prince of Palzo to the altar. Love, honour, glory, fortune, await you! Who knows, Elodie, but a crown may one day encircle your brow." "I know not, madam," replied the daughter of Saint-Maur, "what destiny Heaven may have reserved for me, but I am sure that a crown is not the object of my ambition. Suffer me, therefore, to decline the brilliant match which you have proposed to me. Gratitude is the only sentiment with which the Prince of Palzo can inspire the heart of Elodie." With these words she withdrew, leaving the Countess overwhelmed with surprise.

It was night, and the daughter of Saint-Maur retired to her apartment. Suddenly she perceived a light on one of the hills overhanging the valley. On the opposite mountain a similar fire immediately blazed and disappeared at the same moment. These were doubtless corresponding fires. Along the path leading to the bridge of the torrent, she perceived a numerous band of armed mountaineers. A confused noise of voices was heard in the court-yard of the abbey. The Prince of Palzo appeared mounted on a superb courser. A violet-coloured mantle covered his coat of mail and bright cuirass. His black helmet was surmounted by a white plume. He drew down his vizor, and, followed by a few warriors as mysterious as himself, rode through the gates of the monastery.

Elodie knew not what to conjecture. The prince was doubtless bent on some desperate enterprise. A midnight plot must necessarily be criminal. A thousand various thoughts bewildered the mind of Elodie. Anselmo was banished from the monastery; she herself was a prisoner. What course could she adopt? To what power could she appeal? "If I kindle the watch-light of the tower!" thought she, "if I summon the Recluse! his invincible arm would force the gates of the monastery, and subdue the power of Palzo. But he may be the victim of his dauntless courage. I shall be the occasion of his fall!—No, I will not expose the life of the Recluse!—The watch-light shall be my last resource in the moment of despair."

Original Voyages.

CHAP. VIII.

Cape Edgecombe; Navigation.—The precautions of the Russians to prevent Trade.—Return to the Columbia.—Trading Expedition along shore to the Southward.—Natives near Cape Orford.—The Coast to the South.—Port Trinidad; the Natives there; Misunderstanding; Traffic; Decorum of the Females; their Dress; extraordinary Tattooing of the Tongue, &c.; Massacre of a Spanish Crew; Character of the People; Difficulties in getting out the Vessel.—Arrive at Bodago Bay.—The Russians and Natives.—Account of the Russian Settlement on New Albion.—Prodigious Vegetation.

CAPE Edgecombe is in latitude $57^{\circ} 2'$ north, and longitude $135^{\circ} 34'$ west, and is a remarkably high bluff cape, with a mountain just above it, called Mount Edgecombe, from which it takes its name. It has been a burning mountain, and is quite flat on the top, which is constantly covered with snow. Ships bound to this sound, from the southward, and coming in by point Woodhouse, which is the south point of the sound, must not approach nearer the point than 3 miles, as there is a sunken rock on which the sea sometimes breaks, and is very dangerous; the course from here to the light-house is north, which will take you clear of all dangers. The Russians never keep a light in the light-house, unless they see a ship in the offing before dark. The sound is full of islands, and on the south side there are some hot springs. The gun-boats are continually going round it to protect the hunters and fishermen; to carry in any canoes they may find with furs, and make prisoners of the men till they are ransomed by their friends. Whenever we arrived or sailed, we had several of the Russian boats about us to prevent the Indians from coming off to trade; but sometimes in the night they contrived to elude their vigilance, and get on board to traffic with us. We had variable winds and bad weather all the passage to the river, where we at length arrived, June 12, 1817, and came to under the fort in our old birth, sent the islanders on shore, and, commenced landing our cargo. July 12, after, as usual, completing our wood and water, we took some goods on board for the southward, and sailed to see what we could do in the way of trade with the Indians on New Albion. The American brig Alexander arrived here from America with stores for the settlement. She took on board the furs for Canton, and ran out of the river in company with us. We parted outside; they stood to the northward and we to the southward along shore; the weather being foggy, we sounded occasionally in from 30 to 13 fathoms water, over a bed of rocks, off Cape Foulweather, in latitude $44^{\circ} 49'$ north, longitude

$123^{\circ} 56'$ west. On the 14th it cleared up, and we saw Cape Orford, bearing S. E. seven leagues; the nearest land two miles, latitude 43° north; observed many smokes on shore. About noon, several canoes came off within hail of the ship; we waved to them to come closer, which they did, displaying green boughs and bunches of white feathers; they stopped paddling, and one man, whom we took to be a chief, stood up, and made a long speech, which we did not understand. We then waved a white flag, and they immediately pulled for the ship, singing all the way. When they came alongside we gave them a rope, and made signs for them to come on board, which nothing could induce them to do; they seemed quite terrified, and after handing some land-furs on board, for which we gave them beads and knives, they seemed well pleased, and made signs that if we came nearer the shore, they would bring us plenty. They also brought some berries, fish, and handsome baskets for sale. These men were tall and well-formed, their garments made of dressed deer-skins, with a small round hat, in shape of a basin, that fitted close round the head; none of the women made their appearance. Their canoes do not seem to be so well constructed as the canoes in the Columbia, which cannot be occasioned by want of material, as the country appears to be well wooded. We observed a bay which looked well sheltered from the N. W. winds. About four o'clock the natives left the ship singing, and, when they got to a certain distance, made another long speech.

We now stood along shore toward Cape Orford, sounding occasionally in from 30 to 70 fathoms; sandy bottom from four to six miles from shore; the wind increasing from N.W. stood off from the land under easy sail for the night. Next morning we ran in, and lay-to off an Indian village, to the southward of Cape Orford; saw many natives on the shore, but it blew too hard for them to launch their canoes: we intended to have anchored here, there being, apparently, a snug, well-sheltered bay, from all but the S.W., but it was too rough to send the boat from the ship to sound it; we therefore filled and ran along shore, at the distance of three miles. The land had a very fine appearance, the hills well wooded, and the plains covered with Indian huts. Towards night, the gale increased so much, that we were obliged to haul off under a close reefed main top-sail and fore-sail, and, before morning, had to lay-to under bare poles. On the 19th of July, the gale broke; we again stood in for the land, and were becalmed for three days, within six miles of the shore, where we saw many smokes. We were driven fast to the southward by the current; on the 24th a breeze sprung up, and we made sail for Port Trinidad, in latitude $41^{\circ} 3'$, and longitude $123^{\circ} 54'$ west; hauled into a small sandy bay, where we moored, sheltered from all winds, a few ships' lengths from the shore, in 9 fathoms sandy bottom. This bay is full of high rocks, which are always covered with birds, and round it are scattered many In-

* The Montreal newspaper has announced the recent junction of the Hudson-bay Company with the North-west Company, to both of which this narrative is so peculiarly interesting, as well as being (we hope) acceptable to the general reader. —E.

dian villages. We had scarcely time to moor before we were surrounded with canoes; we tried our boarding nets up, and shut all our ports but one, at which the natives entered, keeping all the canoes on the starboard side; and, as the Indians came on board, we took their bows and daggers from them, at which they seemed much displeased. One man (a chief) would not give up his dagger, and we pushed him back into his canoe; upon which he immediately strung his bow, and pointed an arrow at me, as being the most active in sending him out of the ship. In an instant he had several muskets pointed at him, upon seeing which, he lost no time in laying his bow down. Shortly after he came on board, and seemed sorry for what he had done, and made me a present of a fine bow. Every thing being thus settled, we gave them some bread and molasses, of which they eat heartily. We then commenced trading, and got a few land furs, which they brought off, for pieces of iron-hoop, cut into 6-inch lengths. They also brought us plenty of red deer and berries. In the afternoon, some women made their appearance: the people offered them blankets and axes, but nothing could tempt them to come on board. This is the only place on the coast where we could not induce the females to visit the ship. It appears that these natives have not had much communication with Europeans, as they do not know the use of fire-arms; nor have they any iron among them. Their daggers are made of a sort of flint-stone, and they are clothed in dressed leather apparel, prettily ornamented with shells. The women wear a very finely dressed leather petticoat, which reaches half way down the leg, and a square garment of the same thrown loosely over the shoulders. Their tongues and chins are tattooed; the former is quite black, the latter in stripes. Whether this is considered a mark of beauty or not I cannot tell; but the women here are in general very handsome and well made. We saw a cross on shore, fixed there by the Spaniards many years ago, when there was a Spanish launch driven on shore, and the Indians massacred the whole crew. The different tribes in this bay are always at war with each other; they never met on board, and if the tribe which was on board trading, saw another tribe approaching, they immediately went on shore to protect their wives and property. They all seem to be brave, warlike people. Their canoes are by far the safest I ever saw on the coast, being from 16 to 20 feet long, and from 6 to 8 feet broad, square at both ends and flat bottomed. They have ridges inside about a foot apart, which look exactly like the timbers of a boat, and serve to strengthen them very much. The only words of this tongue we could pick up was, *I ai quai*, which is a term of friendship, and *chilew*, which means, barter. When they speak they put the tongue to the roof of the mouth, and utter sounds as if their mouth were full. After having bought all the furs here, on the 24th of July we weighed anchor, and, after encountering considerable difficulties, owing to the bad weather, succeeded in getting

out. This was fortunate, as, had we gone on shore, (there not being the least shelter in this part of the bay,) the Indians were ready to receive and massacre us, for they are, without exception, the most savage tribes on all the coast.

Having stood out to sea, we deepened our water to 45 fathoms, when the wind again died away, the sea setting us fast on to the shore; we had but one bower anchor and stream left, and, to crown all, it came on a thick fog. We spent a most anxious night, sounding from 40 to 20 fathoms. We could hear the sea break on the beach very distinctly; the order was given to stand by our best bower anchor, when it pleased God to send a fine breeze from the N.W. and deliver us from our dangerous situation. We immediately made all sail from the coast. Next day, July 26, we saw Cape Mendocino, (latitude $40^{\circ} 19' N$. longitude $124^{\circ} 7' W$.) north about four leagues, found our bowsprit sprung, and determined to run to Bodago-bay and fish it; stood along shore accordingly, and on the 28th got off the settlement, fired a gun, and several bodarkees came off, bringing with them some fresh pork and vegetables. We here moored and fished our bowsprit. Captain Jennings went to the settlement in the whale-boat to try and dispose of his cargo to the Russians, but returned to the ship in two days without having effected his purpose. While we lay here the Russians sent us some fresh provision and vegetables; the natives also visited us in their canoes, which are nothing more than several large bundles of rushes lashed together. They seem to be the poorest tribe in these parts, although the country is by far the finest; the climate is so pure and the grounds so good, that the Russians grow two crops per year.

The Russian establishment on the coast of New Albion is in latitude $38^{\circ} 30'$ and longitude —, about four leagues to the northward of this fine bay and harbour, called Bodago, where they have a large store.* Here their ships generally call and sometimes winter, there being no shelter for ships off the establishment. The reason for their having it so far from the harbour is the scarcity of timber, which is very necessary in the forming of a settlement, and where they now are, the country is covered with fine oak, ash, and pine timber, fit for ship building. They had on the stocks, and nearly fit for launching, a fine brig of 150 tons, built of good oak. They get excellent hemp on the coast of California, and make good rope. This settlement consists of about 100 houses and huts, with a small fort on the point, and about 500 inhabitants, Russians and Co-

* The Russian American Company have, within these few weeks, as we learn by a letter from Petersburg, received news from their colonies in Sitka, that there were, to the north of Behring's Straits, under 67° north latitude, several Russian families who had been cast on those parts by a storm more than a century ago. The company expects shortly to receive particular accounts respecting these descendants from shipwrecked Russians. Ed.

diacks. The land is in the highest state of cultivation, growing excellent wheat, potatoes, hemp, and all kinds of vegetables; and the soil so rich as to produce (as already mentioned) two crops in the year. I have seen raddishes that weighed from 1lb. to 28lb., and much thicker than a stout man's thigh, and quite good all through, without being the least spongy. They have a large stock of cattle, sheep, and pigs; and seem to be in the most flourishing condition under the direction of governor Kutakoff. Hence hunters are sent down the coast of California for the purpose of taking the sea otter, which are very plentiful along the coast. The colony also sends a vessel to Norfolk-sound once a year, with the furs collected, and with wheat and hemp. Norfolk-sound is the principle depot; from thence the furs are sent to Kamschatka.

Original Poetry.

BELLS.

How sweet on the breeze of the evening swells
The vesper call of those soothing bells,
Borne softly and dying in echoes away,
Like a requiem sung to the parting day.
Wandered from roses the air is like balm;
The wave like the sleep of an infant is calm;
No oars are now plying in flashes to wake
The blue repose of the tranquil lake;
And so slight are the sighs of the slumbering
gale,
Scarce have they power to waft my slack sail;
Fair hour, when the blush of the evening light,
Like a beauty is veiled by the shadow of night,
When the heart-beat is soft as the sun's farwell
beams,
When the spirit is melting in tenderest dreams;
A wanderer, dear England, from thee and from
thine, [best shrine;
Yet the hearth's I have left are my bosom's
And dear are those bells, for most precious to
me,
Whatever can wake a remembrance of thee;
They bring back the memory of long absent
times, [chimes,
Young hopes and young joys are revived in those
To me they are sweet as the meadows in June,
As the song which the nightingale pours to the
moon. [ecome,
Like the voice of a friend on my spirit they
Whose greeting is love, and whose tale is of
home. [year,
How blithely they're wont to ring in the new
The gayest of sounds amid Christmas time
cheer. [young May,
How light was the welcome they gave thee
When sunshine and flowers decked her festival
day. [bell,
How soft at the shade of the twilight that
Rolled faintly away o'er my favourite dell;
When the woodbine was fresh, and the trem-
ulous shade
Of the aspen leaf over my path beneath played;
When his day of toil over, the hind turned
away [hay;
From the perfumed fields of the newly-mown
When no sound was heard, save the woodcock's
wild song, [along;
And the peal of those bells borne in echoes
They were dear to me then, but now they are
brought [fraught
More home to my heart, for their music is
With all that to memory is hallowed and dear,
With all those fond thoughts that but speak in
a tear.

Voiceless and holy—that simple chime is,
As a spell on the heart at a moment like this;
Yes, sweet are those bells, for most precious to
me,
Whatever reminds me loved England of thee!
L. E. L.

STANZAS

On the Death of Miss Campbell.

Rose of our love, how soon thou art faded,
The blight has past over thy April bloom,
Where are the hopes that dwelt on thee, all
shaded, [thy tomb.
The hearts which they brightened are dark as
We saw thee with youth, health, and happiness
glowing,
We saw thee again, but health was no more,
Sadness was round thee, and warm tears were
flowing, [not restore.
O'er the wan cheek whose bloom their dew could
Still on thy face, while others wept round thee,
Was the look that would soothe, the smile that
would cheer, [bound thee,
Each hour loosed the chain, that unto this life
And each hour we found thee more dear, and
more dear.

Where art thou now, in the silent grave sleep-
ing,
Cold, long and dark this last slumber will be;
Wild o'er thy sod, thy pale mother is weeping,
The joy of her life has departed with thee.

Fare thee well, tho' we mourn o'er the prom-
ising blossom,
Sadly and fondly its memory enshrine;
Was it not better to part with a bosom
So free from earth's taints and earth's sorrow's
as thine.

Was it not better to part with thy spirit,
All piety, purity, patience, and love?—
Will not the meek and the gentle inherit
A crown of life fadeless and holy above?

L. E. L.

Repartee Versified.

A GROOM, whom a buck was staring at,
Caught up his stirrup and quizzed with that;
"Bravo!" cried one just passing by,
"That is, indeed, Sir—irony."

The Perilous Race.

WHAT! tho' your wages are not paid,
Don't fear, they still run on;
"Ah!" said the man, "they run so fast,
They never will have done."

The fortunate Defect.

How like is this picture, you'd think that it
breathes,
What life! what expression! what spirit!
It wants but a tongue, "Alas!" said the spouse,
"That want is its principal merit."

Love A-la-mode.

Love seems but a summer-dress ladies delight
To put on, when the sun of good fortune is
bright.
'Tis wondrous to see the perfections display'd
By the force of its beams, which had else droop'd
in shade. [men:
Lord Crookback is deem'd the most upright of
Sir Noodle—a man of ten thousand!—and then,
Tho' Splayfoot might cut a lame figure in mar-
riage, [carriage:
There still is a something which charms in his
And, as for Sir Hoyle, tho' addicted to play,
They like him:—and why?—he's so winning
a way.
H. A. D.

Canterbury Town, 17th Sept. 1821.

Sketches of Society.

Mine and Malnuts;

OR, AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Christmas Eve, at Austin-Friars.

DR. CHAUNCEY'S FIRE-SIDE.

"Is it not strange," said Dr. Stukeley,* as he turned over the leaves of a folio of humorous drawings, holding one of Boitard's* nearly-obliterated sketches of some characters, known at the Spiller's-head Club,* close to the light, "that our satirists, of olden times, many of whom we know could scratch out the human figure, as correctly as those of Liotard's at any rate, as we see by their missals* and what not, men who have shown so lively a talent for burlesque too—is it not strange, I say, doctor, that they

* Dr. William Stukeley, an English divine and celebrated antiquary; a gentleman of cheerful disposition and playful manners, whose agreeable chit-chat upon subjects of antiquity made many proselytes to that interesting study. Like Dr. Chauncey, he was a collector of burlesque drawings and caricatures. Dr. Stukeley was born at Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, 1687, and died in 1765.

* Boitard was one of the humourists of the beginning of the last century, and occasionally burlesqued the eccentricities so prevalent in his day.

* An artists' club was established at the Bull's Head, Clare-market, about a century ago, of which Hogarth, Jack Laguerre, Colley Cibber, Boitard, George Lambert, and others in succession were members. Jemmy Spiller was also a member. A few months before the death of this lively comedian, Laguerre painted his portrait, and presented it to the landlord. Subsequently the Bull's Head was superseded, and Spiller's Head became the sign. This head is alluded to in Spiller's Epitaph, written by one of the wags of the club, under the assumed character of a Poetic Butcher of Clare-market:

• • • • •

"The butchers' wives fall in hysteric fits;
For sure as they're alive, poor Spiller's dead;
But, thanks to Jack Laguerre, we've got his head.
Down with your ready cole, ye jovial tribe,
And for a merxotinto cut subscribe;
The markets traverse, and surround the mant;
It shall go hard but he shall be in print.

For
He was an inoffensive, merry fellow;
When sober hipp'd, blithe as a bird when mellow."

It may be well to observe, for the reputation of these social worthies, that the neighbourhood of the Spiller's Head was then respectable. The houses round the market were recently erected by Lord Clare; and even Drury-lane must have been once of good repute, for Mr. Evelyn tells us in his Diary, "That he went to his niece's marriage with the eldest son of Mr. Attorney Montague, celebrated at Southampton Chapel. He talks of magnificent entertainment, and the bride being bedded at his sister's lodgings in Drury-lane!"

* Many of the ancient missals and MSS. were illustrated with drawings, various specimens of which may be seen in the works of the ingenious Mr. Strutt, and among others, clowns, posture-masters, and tumblers, exhibiting feats similar to those that please the multitude of modern fairs.

have left us no one single scrap of drawing, however roughly sketched; that evinced a perception for the whimsical art of caricature?"

"This is a curious coincidence, upon my life," said Dr. Chauncey, turning to my great uncle Zachary, "the very subject we were upon so late last night; and you lost a treat, Stukeley, which served you right, for your usual breach of punctuality. We went over to the old church, and by the same token poor Sir Simon* is rating and swearing on his couch, and wishing you and I and all other antiquaries at the devil."

"What is the matter, then?" said Stukeley. "Nothing; only that his clients may whistle in Westminster Hall, for their amusement for the next term, for the gout, which he says, lay lurking under a grave-stone, caught hold ——" "of his cloven-foot, hey!" interrupted Alderman Winterbottom. "Just so," replied Chauncey, laughing. "What, then, he has got into your hands, hey, doctor? Oh! then his clients may well go whistle, for I'll wager my life you'll not make out his *habeas corpus* for a month at least." The alderman was a wit.

"Bless me! I feel concerned to hear this, and I take shame to myself for not attending you to the church. It is many years since I was there; and what did the worthy sergeant say? was he pleased with the curious old place? could he make out the brass inscription?" inquired Dr. Stukeley.

"Say! Nothing more than it was 'vastly cold! and vastly old!' Yes, one other observation, namely, 'How finely the voice reverberates here,' and began to spout with mock solemnity, 'These lone walls and story-telling (storied) arches have a character marking the VIRTUES of the times deceased, whilst echo—(here he paused, and the old Dutchmen's* gallery responded—Echo)—from her hollow charnel vaults, speaks to the listening

* Sir Simon Ullin, sergeant at law, a gentleman of easy manners and sarcastic humour. Succeeded to the recordership of London, 1742. Alderman Winterbottom, lord mayor; died in his mayoralty, 1752.

* The church is one of the most ancient of gothic remains in the city of London. It belonged to a priory dedicated to St. Augustine, and was founded for the Friars Eremites of the order of Hippo in Africa, by Humphry Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, 1253. A part of this once-spacious building was granted by Edward VI. to a congregation of Germans, and other strangers, who fled hither from religious persecution, and ordered it to be called *The Temple of the Lord Jesus*. Several successive princes have confirmed it to the Dutch, by whom it has been used as a place of worship.

* There was, when all the doors were shut, an echo in this church, possibly from the reverberation of the raised part about the altar; but on this occasion a confederate voice was employed, to make up a tale for Dr. Stukeley's credulity. I recollect a very pleasing echo in the passage of the Lyceum, in the Strand, which was lost when the alterations were made, a few years ago, to prepare for some exhibition. The most distinct echo, however, that I remember to have heard near London, was from the bank of the New River, turning to the right a few yards from the City-road, which distinctly returned five or six syllables.

ear of contemplation—CONTEMPLATION—an awful lesson of life's mortality—MORTALITY—echoed the church." "Aye, aye!" said the lively sergeant, "these charnel vaults, I'll be bound, were better stored with *vin de grave*, than other graves, to warm the jolly monks in their devotions. Faith, my teeth begin to chatter.—Spirits of ye sainted fathers, adieu!"—"ADIEU!" cried the echo. "That was very like a human voice," said the sexton, looking aghast. "Yes; very like," said Sir Simon; "and so, Mister Dismal, (giving him a crown-piece) let's to the right-about;" and as the old grey-headed man locked the door of the gothic porch, and held the lantern to the ground, (which was covered with snow,) to light the party across to Dr. Chauncey's steps, the man of law gaily sung, from the ballad of the Vicar and Moses,

"And I'll walk with the lantern before you,
Tol lot de dol, tol de rol lot."

"How like—how very like the man; who would believe him the same being in the wig and out of the wig?" said Dr. Stukeley. "Yes," answered Dr. Chauncey, "and here is this bold man, (meaning my great uncle Zachary) ventured to take him to task for his profanation."

"And how did he take it?—These are rough gent to *arguefy* with," said Alderman Winterbottom.

"Oh! very well;—very becomingly.—Hardcastle's admonition was so mild—so Christian-like—so benignant, as it always is by-the-bye, (looking slyly under his spectacles at my uncle,) that the other heard him with great complaisance, and when he had made an end of his discourse, took him by the hand, and said—Sir, *I own it was wrong*." My uncle Zachary shook his head at Chauncey for his panegyric—smiled, and said nothing.

This conversation took place at Dr. Chauncey's, over the wine on a Christmas-eve.*

*The complete counterpart of this old sexton was exhibited in a beautiful interior of a church, by De Wit; one of the pictures in the Collection of Old Masters at the British Institution, in the spring of the present year.

*Garrick and Fielding were among other distinguished guests at the doctor's on one of these Christmas-eve meetings, and went over to see the old church. Garrick, as has been before observed, had a particular affection for the observance of this season of social friendship. His verses to that admirable designer of burlesque, his friend, Mr. Henry Bunbury, in which he thanks him for a present of some Norfolk game and a humorous drawing, proclaim his veneration for CHRISTMAS.

"Few presents now to friends are sent,
Few hours in merry-making spent;
Old-fashioned folks there are, indeed,
Whose dogs and pigs at CHRISTMAS bleed;
Whose honest hearts no modes refine;
They send their puddings and their clupe.
No Norfolk Turkeys load the waggon,
Which once the horses could not drag on;
And, to increase the weight with these,
Come their attendant sausages.
Can you, dear Sir, a man of taste,
Revive old whimsies gone and past?
And (if, for shame!) without reproach,
Stuff as you do the Pury coach?
With strange old kindness, send me presents
Of partridges and dairy pleasures."
Ac. &c. &c.

when a party of his friends had met, according to an old custom, to hail the birth of Christmas, shake hands, and retire, just after twelve.

"How does it happen," said Dr. Chauncey, "that your lawyers, men of so much intellect, of elegant manners too, men of such vast discourse, as many of them are, should almost to a man be so barbarously indifferent to the arts? Men who can set you to rights on all other matters, yet commonly ignorant as posts on these."

"Why," said Dr. Stukeley, "I have often thought of this, but never could resolve the question. What is your opinion, Mister Hardcastle?"

"May it not be—that the study of Jurisprudence, in its own nature, is cold, and phlegmatic," said my great uncle; "and consequently induces this indifference for tasteful arts? And yet we have seen men of genius and general taste among your barristers. But, I faith it must be admitted, that few, so gifted, have remained at the bar. They have somehow contrived to slip off the gown, when they went a courting to the Muses."

"You are right," said Chauncey,—"you are right, Sir; and I much doubt if any one of their numerous lovers ever seriously popped the question to either of the pretty sisterhood in a gown and coif. 'Egad, 'twould be no bad subject for Hogarth, to represent some love-stricken *special-pleader*,¹ urging his *suit* in the quaint terms of law, to one of the saucy sisters of Apollo.—What say you of—Miss Thalia, to wit? who should be laughing in his face, tearing of his gown and wig,—pointing at him, and exclaiming,—Now, Mister Lawyer, you are fairly *non-suited*!'"

"Ha, ha, ha! I am no picture buyer," said Alderman Winterbottom, "though I have got all Hogarth's printed works. But I would not mind giving the funny rogue fifty guineas, to see such a painting touched off as he could do it; I dare swear it would be a capital piece of humour, faith!"

"I do verily wonder with you, Dr. Stukeley," said Chauncey, "that our old monks—none of them should have ever tried their hands at this graphic species of exciting laughter; for every age, from the Saxon times, aye, and even before, no doubt, had its wits and satirists; and every age, one may be safely certain, furnished its due quota of burlesque characters; and, as you observe, many an old friar could draw quite well enough to mark the absurdities that constitute the broad burlesque of modern caricatura.—When, Doctor,—for you are conversant in these matters,—When, I say, was England lacking of *fat Friars*, preaching abstinence in Lent: *pious Lady-Abbees*

¹The prolific pencil of Rowlandson, about thirty years ago, produced a very humorous drawing of a beau lawyer, on his knees to a *launcing hoyden*. He is saying—

"Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain."

She is pulling off his wig. But he is represented as one of the old burly-faced frights, which he delights to draw in contrast to female beauty. It is inscribed the *Special Pleader*.

mobbing giddy Nuns, like fish-women: old Men with young Mistresses, and young Men with old ones: joking Tapsters and merry Alco-voices: logger-headed proving Justices: pompous, illiterate Jacks-in-Office: half-witted School-Masters: drivelling Gaffers and term-magant Gommers: self-starving Misers: self-swasting tooby Heirs: nincompoop Fops: blustering Cowards: double-chained Aldermen, (looking roguishly at Winterbottom): pragmatical, chattering Lawyers: drunken, drivelling Clerks: bucksome Widows, and prudish Maids?—take my word for it, the halls of Oxford and Cambridge have echoed to the laughing, satirical monks, gossiping over their flaggons, *yea by cock, and nay by cock*, long—long before old Chaucer sung his Canterbury Pilgrims—yes! I do wonder when I see what ludicrous portraits can be struck off thus easily with a few scratches of the pen, that none of our mirth-loving old sons of the church have left us one single effort of this comical faculty.—I am the more puzzled to account for this," resumed the Doctor, warmed by his subject, "when I have copied with my poor scrawling pencil so many burlesque representations carved beneath the stalls in our ancient choirs—obviously satires upon certain *licentious ones* of their right holy fraternity. You must have seen those in king Harry's chapel, in Westminster—doubtless, doctor?"

"In truth, I have," replied Dr. Stukeley; "trust me for that, and many others equally whimsical. Yes, gentlemen, (addressing the company,) Us antiquaries are oft-times pointed at as starved, grave, hum-drum mortals, by those who never dream of the gems of wit that sparkle, to reward our pains, when routing and grubbing among the rubbish of antiquity. Oh! this is delectable digging," said the good-humoured doctor, accompanying his enthusiastic exclamation with a hearty slap upon Alderman Winterbottom's shoulder,—"What say you, my worthy sir?"

"Say!" replied the alderman, roused from a sort of reverie at this long gossip about the monks,—"Say, doctor, (rubbing his shoulder)—Why I say this, you may delight to dig in your damn'd, musty, old dust-hills; but I never knew a parson yet, who would not rather dig his way into a smoking rump of beef. So, what think you of that, doctor—hey? That's slap for slap. So here's my hearty service to you, and let us *hob and nob*; and hark'ee, master parson, when you next go out upon a digging expedition, should you light upon a but of Malmsey, bricked up by these bald-pated friars, there's no occasion to knock the head in to peep for your Duke* Humphry's: take my word for it, your churchmen of old knew better than spoil good wine to pickle dead men's bones. Aye, aye! master doctor, that begets your

*No modern burlesque can exceed some of these subjects, carved beneath the monks' and friars' seats in our ancient chapels. Some indeed are so grossly immoral and indecent, as to justify the aspersions levelled at the priesthood, prior to the Reformation.

*Alluding to Duke Humphry's body being found in his coffin, preserved in a pickle, at St. Alban's Abbey.

right sort of *sparkling wit*; worth a man's digging for. Ha—ha—ha, ha, ha.—What think you of that, gentlemen?—Ha—ha, advise me of such a find, never mind price, and I'll be your chapman, master doctor, post you the prompt, and give you a tythe for your pains."

UNPALATABLE RECOLLECTIONS.

Selected from the private Memoranda of a distinguished Epicure.

AFTER completing an education, the course of which excited uniform disgust, and progressively increasing hatred, the timely death of my uncle put me in possession of an ample fortune. At the age of twenty-two, I became my own master, and was said to have very respectable connections and valuable friends; all of whom kindly interfered with their advice and experience of life to direct my mind to proper pursuits, in order, as they professed, to render me a distinguished ornament to society. My relations, who were esteemed to be very pious people, strongly urged me to marry, as an infallible mode of salvation from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful et ceteras consequent on a single life: but as my father and mother had lived on very indifferent terms, and it was generally supposed that their lives had been curtailed by their incessant disagreements and mutual endeavours to destroy each other's happiness, I had no particular or immediate desire to be playing this game over again. The more I reflected on the duties of the conjugal state, the less inclination I felt to embark on that dangerous element. To female beauty I was not insensible; and many of the young ladies who were pointed out as eligible partners, certainly possessed the exterior mien of angels. While they were angling for me, their tempers were serenely complacent, and they appeared to wear a perpetual smile; indeed I became so fascinated with their animated conversation, elegant deportment, and pure ethics, that the memorable example of my honoured parents had almost faded from my recollection. It is a fortunate circumstance that there are touch-stones for temper, without actually employing the balance, or passing through the gauge, which are delicate metaphors for being married. One evening I happened to be present when these angelic forms had been seated at a round table to a party of *loo*; at the commencement, an anxious solicitude was depicted in their sweet countenances, the bewitching smile suddenly vanished, and they seemed as deeply interested as Jews concluding a bargain. Fortune frowned on two of the most beautiful; every time they were *lo'd*, their bright eyes flashed indignation, disappointment, and malignity. In sighs they whispered curses on *Pan*, who never came within their grasp. As often as they consulted the oracle of the pocket for a fresh supply, their ivory teeth were displayed by a snarl; the upper-lip curled, and the lower was bitten: and when they sat down to supper, a fiend-like scowl and leer of suspicion obscured the radiance of their charms. When I retired, with my friend Tickle, I said, "Bob, they are all alike;

and I am convinced that a trifle will convert an angel into a fury." In consequence of this important discovery, my matrimonial speculations were adjourned *sine die*.

Some disinterested friends, who had a seat to dispose of, earnestly advised me to be in parliament; they said "it was the honourable and dignified occupation of a gentleman of fortune;—the country wanted men of independent principles to stand forward;—parliament was the school of eloquence, and the high road to fame and distinction." This proposition I settled off-hand, by immediately applying the extinguisher. I told them that I never could be prevailed on to go into the gallery, much less into the body of the house;—I had nothing to say on the subjects discussed in that assembly;—I hated squabbling, which some people call argument;—I never wrote letters, and therefore did not want franks;—if invited to dinner, I felt a serious objection to attend a call of the house, and still greater aversion to be appointed on a committee, to volunteer my opinion on matters beyond the range of my comprehension. Perhaps there is only one subject on which I could have voted with a clear conscience, and that is against the Bill for General Education:—for I always detested school, and whenever I am ill, constantly dream of learning a lesson. My relatives and friends, finding that I had a will of my own, gave me up as a lost young man; and to manifest their zeal for my welfare, scandalized me in every direction. For this dereliction and calumny they will always be entitled to my grateful acknowledgments; for I think I have discovered that new acquaintance are preferable to old friends, and strangers more to be depended on than relations; and I am confident that ladies, to borrow a favourite expression from philosopher Godwin, who take upon themselves the duties of marriage *without* the ceremony, are less presuming than wives.

Divers authors have maintained, that every person has a ruling passion; a propensity, either from sudden impression, or constitutional organization, to some particular object. The acuteness of my palate and vigour of digestion disposed me to conceive that I should excel in the fraternal sciences of eating and drinking, and I entertained no doubt but my sapid organs would be considerably improved by frequent exercise. Taste has various departments, painting, architecture, sculpture, &c. but—

"The proper study of mankind is Food."

Solemnly impressed that my office in this world was to invent new dishes, and devour them, I collected all the culinary writers from the time of Caxton, down to the last edition of Monsr. Ude, of modern celebrity. At starting, as science proceeds by gradual advances, I frequented the better sort of coffee-houses and taverns, to initiate myself in the correct nomenclature of different dishes, and to judge of their skilful preparation; these, to be sure, are proper schools for a beginner, *ingredere ut proficias*; but I soon discovered that these victuallers, on

account of their numerous visitants who are disposed to eat much and pay little, could not afford to furnish the most costly and exquisite *entrées*.—Sometimes I found that the same turkey had been twice subjected to the spit;—a sole, that had been boiled the day before, underwent the operation of frying on the following;—cold meat appeared as a hot pie, with many other curious and ingenious devices.—Then the wine was so adulterated, compelled, like a melancholic patient, to look old before its time, and fitted like a pauper with a ready-made coat, perceptibly impregnated with bad brandy, and tasting of every thing but the grape;—that in about six months I sickened, and no longer frequented these tasteless and inhospitable retreats for the hungry.

Next I became a member of a fashionable dinner-club, managed by a superintending committee who purchased their own wine, and engaged a culinary artist of established reputation. This club was a diversified assemblage, consisting of some sprigs of nobility, and a few old standards;—several members of parliament, who became very troublesome by repeating the trash that had been uttered in the house, and were, besides, always attempting to reform the club; but this was less offensive to me than others, as I make it a rule never to attend to conversation, excepting it relate to improvements in cookery;—the remainder of our club was composed of a few hungry and querulous lawyers, and two or three doctors, who had increased the means of gratifying their own appetites, by destroying the digestive faculties of their patients. There is nothing permanent in this world, therefore in about two years the club dwindled away: a set of rascally economists complained of expense:—the cook, a very honest man and skilful professor, was accused of peculation by the reformers, and turned adrift for modestly demonstrating that he could not make turtle out of tripe, nor convert sprats into red mullet. Several of the members moved off without paying up their arrears. The managing committee disposed of the premises, plate, furniture, and wines, and pocketed the money; and thus the club was dissolved.

At this time it is highly important to mention, that I had gained four stone and eleven pounds, horseman's weight.

"Methought I heard a voice cry, eat no more."

The breaking up of our club, like the dissolution of the monasteries, introduced a new order of things: my appetite was still voracious, and I panted for wine,—also, on the slightest motion, for breath, from a voluminous accession of fat. The amateurs of good cheer were indeed dispersed, but sufficient were to be collected to coalesce by mutual attraction into a select body. What was to be done? Although my constitution was impaired, my fortune had accumulated; and this increase of wealth had arisen from my own rigid economy in every article, that did not interfere with the gratification of my appetite. I had no amiable weakness in relieving the distressed; their miseries were doubtless extreme, and felt acutely

by themselves—but they could not interest me. I possessed no library, excepting cookery books;—no equipage; on a rainy day, a hackney-chariot set me down where I dined; and, when fine, I waddled to the repast.

Having become quite corpulent, the ladies did not admire me; and, in return, I did not notice them—no expense in that quarter, heaven be praised! Much of my time, at my lodgings, was consumed in ruminating on the good things I had enjoyed,—in reflecting on tit-bits that I could swallow, and in sleep. Suddenly a thought traversed my brain, that I should be rendered supremely happy by commencing Amphitryon;—this project was immediately adopted. I took an elegant house, purchased a stock of the oldest and most delicious wines, and hired a culinary professor at an enormous salary; for I felt that my taste was appreciated, references had frequently been made to my decision, from which no one had ever ventured to appeal. My acquaintance was genteel, for I had taken especial care to exfoliate all shabby people, who are burthened with necessities. Twice a week my friends were invited in *rotation*, for as I am wholly insensible to wit, detest music, and never listen to or join in conversation, I made no selection on account of intellectual superiority, or companionable qualifications: indeed several of my best friends are deaf, and that is a great advantage in society. The meetings at my house are decorous and silent: we exchange the civilities of drinking to each other at dinner, not by wasting breath to inquire if Mr. G. would do me the honour to take wine, which is extremely vulgar, but by grasping the decanter and looking round; any person feeling a similar inclination does the same; a partner is never wanting—there is a nod, and it is over. As we say nothing, our conversation cannot be retailed or criticised by the servants in the kitchen: no man convulsed, by a smart repartee, bolts out a mouthful of soup, partly on the table-cloth, and considerably in the face of his opposite friend. Thus we propagate no scandal, tell no lies, pay no compliments, except by the urbanity of gesture, nor palm stale jokes as a new coinage; and every man becomes wiser by his own reflections. At my table, no one can be supposed to talk himself drunk; if he really become so, and this often occurs, it is the genuine effect of the best wine. When we sit down to our repast, I never speak to a servant,—a footman is unfit for his situation who cannot anticipate his master's wishes, and the requisitions of his guests.

Perhaps one of the most gratifying scenes in nature, far beyond any thing hitherto conveyed by landscape or historical painting, is to behold my guests in silence sip their wine. As the glass is held up, the eye and the orient liquor reciprocally sparkle; its bouquet expands the nostril, elevates the eye-brow to admiration, and composes the lips to a smile. When its crystal receptacle, which is as thin as Indian paper, (for observe, to use a thick wine-glass is to drink with a gag in your mouth,) touches the lips, they become compressed, to allow the

thinnest possible stream to enter, that its flavour may be thoroughly ascertained; and that successive perceptions of palatable gratification may terminate in the gulp of ecstasy. Language has no adequate terms for the conveyance of our simple sensations or pleasurable feelings:—at my table, and with my wine, it is unnecessary:—each countenance speaks volumes. Thus we continue passing the bottle, till each guest is satisfied, which is known when he rises—bows and retires. There are some whirligig people, who dine at one house, drop in at others afterwards; go to the opera, half-play, or some silly conversazione: my company scorn such a jumble:—indeed, when they do retire, they are not in a condition to go elsewhere. Like myself, the frequenters of my table are all single gentlemen, or widowers who are not inconsolable: as soon as the marriage of a guest is announced, he is immediately scratched off the list of *Invitables*. I am not the person to incur the reproach of parting man and wife,—no, let him dine with his darling; and in the music of her amiable garrulity, let him sigh for the silence that prevails at my table.

My dinner is distinguished by the intrinsic excellence of a few choice articles, prepared with consummate skill on the genuine principles of culinary science, and served quite hot in regular succession. Two tureens of exquisite soup open the procession: when these are removed, two dishes of fish succeed, according to their season. All my fish is crimped, to evince its freshness; crimping may be termed the record of enduring vitality, and I possess a secret of giving tone and vigour to the ultimate contraction of the fibres, not at present to be divulged.

"Quod latet arcana, non enarrabile fibra."

PERASTUS.

To enumerate the next order of dishes is impossible: they consist of a tasteful selection of every thing that is delicious in the range of the animal and vegetable kingdoms—dressed by the best, that is, by my own cook.

"No further seek his merits to disclose."

Finally, the gossamer froths of cream, *vol au vent*, &c.

"Come like shadows, so depart."

To view the ordinary arrangements of a modern dinner is a "sorry sight,"—a dozen articles placed at once on the table,—then, on the removal of the covers, comes the ferocious onset:—some tremulous paralytic serving the soup, and scattering it in all directions, excepting into the plate where it ought to be delivered:—then an unhandy dandy mutilates the fish, by cutting it in the wrong direction:—here an officious ignoramus tears asunder the members of a fowl, as coarsely as the four horses dragged *livrillac* limb from limb:—there another simpleton notching a tongue into dissimilar slices, while a purblind coxcomb confounds the different sauces, pouring anchovy on pigeon-pie, and parsley and butter on roast beef. All these barbarisms are unknown at my table.

My hour of dining is very uncertain: during the summer I never feed till the sun has sunk below the horizon, as it is both brutal and unwholesome to fill the stomach during the time this luminary is in full blaze. Nothing worth eating can be digested during an intensity of heat and flow of perspiration. A man that dines at two o'clock in July, should eat nothing but cos-lettuce, strawberries, or gooseberry-fool.

I controul climate in the dog-days; every body does it in winter by a rousing fire:—in hot weather my dining-room is artificially cooled. Twelve large copper vases, painted to resemble china, are placed in the apartment, filled with ice and salt:—by this admirable contrivance, when the temperature is at 82, I can sink the thermometer down to 50. Many persons who have dined with me at these Arctic meetings, for the first time, have exclaimed "What a prodigious change in the weather! We shall have but a short summer!" Some have taken a bumper of brandy to keep the blood in circulation; and one gentleman whispered my servant to bring his great coat.

I am fully aware that the pleasures of the table cannot be indulged, without some hazard to the constitution; it is therefore the business of my serious reflections to counteract the invasions of disease, and provide timely remedies for its attack. A gold box is always placed on the table with the dessert, containing a store of pills, which are of very moving quality and speedy operation, termed "*Peristaltic Persuaders*:"—in an adjoining room, there is a basin, as large as an ordinary washing-tub, with a copper of hot camomile-tea, and a copper is engaged to be in constant attendance till the guests depart. Yet with all these salutary precautions, I have been an occasional sufferer:—I have experienced three apoplectic seizures, my right foot is a mass of chalk-stones, and I have been twice tapped for the dropsy.

THE FAIR OF MAKARIEFF.

Cachemire Shawls.

On the confines of Europe and Asia, and near the Wolga, is situated the miserable village of Makarieff, celebrated for the great fair which is held there in July, every year. For the space of a month, a few wretched huts, built on a sandy desert, are replaced by thousands of shops erected with a promptitude peculiar to the Russians. Taverns, coffee-houses, a theatre, ball-rooms, a crowd of wooden buildings, painted and adorned with exquisite taste, spring up. It is impossible to form an idea of the throng of people of all nations who flock to Makarieff during this time. There we find assembled, for the purposes of trade, Russians from all the provinces of the empire, Tartars, Tchouvaches, Tcheremisses, Calmoucks, Bucharians, Georgians, Armenians, Persians, and Hindoos; and, besides these, there are Poles, Germans, French, English, and even Americans. Notwithstanding the confusion of costumes and languages, the most perfect order prevails. The riches which are collected together in a space of

less than two leagues are incalculable. The silks of Lyons and Asia, the furs of Siberia, the pearls of the East, the wines of France and Greece, the merchandize of China and Persia, are displayed close to the commonest goods and most ordinary articles.

The author from whom we have taken these preliminary remarks, adds the following singular description:—"I had almost forgot (says he) one of the most remarkable articles of merchandize in this fair, and, perhaps, the most interesting to the ladies of Europe. Among the precious commodities from Asia which are to be found at Makarieff, the Cachemire Shawls indisputably hold the first rank. For several years past they have been brought in large bales. I have seen a shawl for which eight thousand rubles were asked; though, according to my taste, it was better suited to be spread as a carpet on the divan of an Indian prince, than to cover the shoulders of a lady.

"One of my friends, who had an opportunity of attending as a witness at the purchase of a parcel of these manufactures, has given me an account of the transaction, which appears to me so curious, that I think the detail will be amusing:—

"The conclusion of a bargain for shawls always takes place before witnesses. Having been asked to attend in that capacity, I went to the fair with the purchaser, the other witnesses, and a broker, who was an Armenian. We stopped at an unfinished stone house, without a roof, and we were ushered in to a kind of cellar. Though it was the abode of an extremely rich Hindoo, it had no other furniture than eighty elegant packages piled one upon the other against the wall.

"Parcels of the most valuable shawls are sold, without the purchaser seeing any more than the outside of them; he neither unfolds nor examines them, and yet he is perfectly acquainted with every shawl by means of a descriptive catalogue which the Armenian broker, with much difficulty, procures from Cachemire. He and his witnesses and brokers, for he sometimes has two, all sit down. He does not, however, say a word; every thing being managed by the brokers, who go continually from him to the seller, whisper in their ears, and always take them to the farthest corner of the apartment. This negotiation continues till the price first asked is so far reduced, that the difference between that and the price offered is not too great, so that hopes may be entertained of coming to an agreement. The shawls are now brought; and the two principals begin to negotiate. The seller displays his merchandize, and extols it highly; the buyer looks upon it with contempt, and rapidly compares the numbers and the marks. This being done, the scene becomes animated; the purchaser makes a direct offer, the seller rises, as if going away. The brokers follow him, crying aloud, and bring him back by force; they contend and struggle; one pulls one way and one the other: it is a noise, a confusion, of which it is difficult to form an idea. The poor Hindoo acts the most passive part; he is some-

times even ill-treated. When this has continued some time, and they think they have persuaded him, they proceed to the third act, which consists in giving the hand, and is performed in a most grotesque manner. The brokers seize upon the seller, and endeavour, by force, to make him put his hand in that of the purchaser, who holds it open and repeats his offer with a loud voice. The Hindoo defends himself; he makes resistance, disengages himself, and wraps up his hand, in the wide sleeves of his robe, and repeats his first price in a lamentable voice. This comedy continues a considerable time; they separate, they make a pause as if to recover strength for a new contest, the noise and the struggling recommence; at last the two brokers seize the hand of the seller, and, notwithstanding all his efforts and cries, oblige him to lay it in the hand of the buyer.

"All at once the greatest tranquillity prevails; the Hindoo is ready to weep, and laments in a low voice that he has been in too great a hurry. The brokers congratulate the purchaser; they sit down to proceed to the final ceremony—the delivery of the goods. All that has passed is a mere comedy; it is, however, indispensable; because the Hindoo will by all means have the appearance of having been deceived and duped. If he has not been sufficiently pushed about and shaken, if he has not had his collar torn, if he has not received the full complement of punches in the ribs, and knocks on the head, if his right arm is not black and blue, from being held fast to make him give his hand to the buyer, he repents of his bargain till the next fair, and then it is very difficult to make him listen to any terms. In the affair in which I assisted as witness, the Hindoo had demanded 230,000 rubles, and came down to 180,000; and of this sum he paid 2 per cent. to the brokers.

"Our whole party, the seller, buyer, brokers, interpreters, and witnesses, sat down with crossed-legs upon a handsome carpet, with a broad fringe, spread on purpose. First of all, ices were brought, in pretty bowls of China porcelain; instead of spoons, we made use of little spatula of mother-o'-pearl, fixed to a silver handle by a button of ruby, emerald, turquoise, or other precious stones. When we had taken refreshments, the merchandize was delivered.

"The marks had been verified a second time, and all found right; new disputes arose about the time of payment; and, when every thing was at last settled, the whole company knelt down to pray. I followed the example of the rest, and could not help being struck by the diversity of the faith of those who were here assembled: there were Hindoos, adorers of Brama, and of numerous idols; Tartars, who submitted their fate to the will of Allah, and Mahomet his prophet; two Parsis, or worshippers of fire; a Calmouk officer, who adored in the Dala Llama, the living image of the divinity; a Moor, who venerated I know not what unknown being; lastly, an Armenian, a Georgian, and myself a Lutheran, all

three Christians, but of different communions—a remarkable example of toleration.

"My prayer was fervent and sincere: I prayed to Heaven to be pleased to cure the women of Europe, as soon as possible, of their extravagant fondness for this article of luxury. The prayer being ended, we saluted one another, and every one emptied his bowl; I never tasted a more agreeable beverage. We then separated, and each went his own way."

Note of the Editor.—In the summer of 1816, a great fire destroyed the buildings appropriated for magazines and shops. In consequence of this misfortune, it was proposed to remove the fair to Nishni-Novogorod. The Russians, it seems, were very much divided in their opinions on this subject, most of them thinking, that as St. Marcey was the founder and patron of Makarieff, the fair could not be removed without offending the saint. Notwithstanding this superstitious idea, the removal of the fair to Nishni-Novogorod was determined on. A plan for the necessary buildings at Nishni-Novogorod was drawn up, and laid before the Emperor, who approved of it, and assigned a large sum (a million and a half of rubles, annually, as we understand.) for the execution of it. It was expected that the whole would be completed in this year, (1821.)

The Drama.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE new theatre in the Haymarket possesses at least one commendable distinction which raises it above its contemporaries; it gives us the legitimate drama, and has never departed farther from what sound sense and good taste warrant, than to represent those pleasing little pieces, which are almost peculiar to itself, mingling the lawlessness of farce with the propriety of comedy. While our winter houses have degraded the stage with horses, and elephants, and dogs, and rope-dancers, and mountebanks, so corrupting it, that it is no longer a glass to reflect the manners of the age but one unnatural medley of spectacle, pantomime, and absurd melo-drame, the Haymarket has sustained its reputation by resisting the infection of the times, and sticking, through weal and ill, i. e. through full and empty houses, to the elsewhere banished Muses. For these reasons we always entertain a kindly feeling towards this theatre, and even now, when we have to regret the absence of those literary talents which were wont to enliven its walls, and the great deficiency of those histrionic abilities which used to be exerted there, we are prone to make allowances, and to hope that, as the system is right, the means of success will, by degrees, be adopted.

On Monday we witnessed *Venice Preserved* and *Match-making*. The new Belvidera, Miss Brudenell, is, as yet, a non-effective, nor does she appear to us to possess powers sufficient to raise her to a high rank in the scale of her profession. Her figure is well formed, and her demeanour lady-like. Her countenance also is, if not handsome, agreeable. To these physi-

cal qualifications, however, a great tragedian must add voice and expression; the former a gift of nature, the latter of cultivation or mind. In these respects the debutante fails. Her voice is weak, and that weakness is neither compensated by judicious management nor by the infusion of tones suited to tenderness, to pathos, or to despair. Her griefs and her loves, her hopes and her agonies, produce very little variation in note or in compass, except now and then a discordant scream which thrills no nerve in the heart, whatever it may do in the ear. The same objection lies to the features of the face, which she endeavours to mould into the similitude of those passions with which the character is agitated. Here the attempt is made, (which it does not appear to be with the voice,) but the muscles refuse the office, and we are bound to say that the expression is that of sportive playfulness, rather than of tragic woe. In short, we are convinced, that if this lady has a genius for the stage, her line is genteel comedy, with the whole region of sentiment lying between her boundaries and those of Melpomene. Mr. Conway's Jaffier is a performance of striking but far from equal merit. In the early acts, he lacks spirit. Jaffier, it is true, is a puling fellow, the very girouette of heroes; but he is the more the creature of every gust of passion. He is never in a calm, and his inconsistencies only change inasmuch as the sighing and sobs of the wind may be deemed pauses between the raging bursts of a hurricane. Shakespeare bids the player "use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness." Mr. Conway has well considered this advice, but has he not somewhat forgotten the sequel? "Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action." We still refer to the first three acts, in which there was rather a display of fine and perfect elocution and of graceful action, than of the doubts and sorrows of a doating husband and broken-hearted man. That Mr. Conway can reach a nobler sphere was admirably shown in all the scenes after the disclosure of the conspiracy. The feeling, the vigour, and the truth of his acting in the subsequent interviews with Pierre and Belvidera, were acknowledged by many plaudits and tears; indeed, we have never seen the part more powerfully and touchingly sustained, than in these trying situations, and we are glad to pronounce this decided opinion, because it was evidently that of a just audience, and may serve to counteract the harsh and personally obnoxious criticisms upon a most deserving individual and excellent performer, which we have been sorry to read in a journal of great circulation, (John Bull,) which, in this instance, pushes the same principle of blasting what it denounces as public vice and political effrontery, into a cruel and injurious excess against private life and theatrical effort.

For Pierre, Mr. Terry, we think, most

unfit. He is a person of judgment, and, perhaps, few know better than he how the rough conspirator ought to be exhibited. But the Green Man, the Match-maker, is not competent to embody the true conception. His Pierre has hardly a requisite for the part. His force is mere sententious bawling; his dignity an indifferent swagger; and his whole personation that of a caustic satirist, instead of a warm and glowing soldier. The rest of the play was very indifferently cast; it is difficult to say whether the senators or the traitors were nearest allies to the mob.

Match-making is a one-act *jeu d'esprit* from Paris, (if we remember rightly,) and a piece of entertaining equivocation. Terry, the Match-maker, tries to marry every body about him, but especially his niece, Lady Emily, very archly and prettily played by Mrs. Chatterley. He invites a Captain Belmont to be-husband her; his Colonel, Rakely, plots to supersede him—both appear at the house of Matchem, and the uncle, niece, and a roguish servant, mutually mistake and affect the visitors, till the matter is cleared up and a wedding ensues. Jones, Decamp, and Oxberry are all very amusing in their respective parts, and Terry makes his slight character most laughably comic.

Match-breaking at this house, and a Farce at Drury-lane, on Thursday, are too late for detailed criticism, as, owing to our extensive circulation, we are obliged to be from 16 to 18 hours at press, and publish early on Saturday morning.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Of *Two Words* we have little more to say. It is a prodigiously-perfect melo-drama, with robbers and runaways, and benighted travellers and travelling knights, a heroine in distress, and a cowardly lacquey. Of course there is not a shadow of probability from beginning to end, and the audience is proportionably deeply interested in the fate of persons whom it is evident no human power can save from destruction. They are saved however; the wanderers escape from the bandit cave, through the agency of the maid, a countess in disguise; and after mistaking a baron's castle for another resort of thieves, happiness is brought about in the usual manner, by marriage. The expression and action of Miss Kelly are the only features in this performance of which we can speak with praise; these are certainly of the highest order, and we could not see her without being forcibly reminded of the exquisite attitudes and beautiful looks of Margaret, in Retsch's celebrated outlines to Goethe's Faust, whom she appeared to us often to resemble, as if she had studied that delicious form through all its varieties.

The following is a list of the receipts of all the theatres in Paris during the month of August.

	Francs.
Academie Royal (seven performances) de Musique	41,924
Theatre-François	28,710
Opera-Comique	29,057
Second Theatre-François	16,487
Theatre Italien	19,522
Vandeville	16,036
Gymnase	53,187
Variétés	23,758

	Francs.
Gaieté	28,347
Ambigu-Comique	20,599
Porte-Saint-Martin	21,160
Panorama-Dramatique	16,057
Tivoli	18,741
Jardin Beaujon	30,011

Varieties.

Travels in Africa.—The newspapers mention that Lieutenant Beechey, who has travelled a good deal in Egypt, is about to sail on an expedition to explore the coasts of ancient Libya, and penetrate, as occasions suit, so far into the interior as is practicable, with a view to examine the ancient monuments of Greece and Rome, spread over that country. A small vessel is assigned for this purpose, which will attend the expedition, and land those to whom the mission is intrusted wherever it is deemed necessary. Libya Proper extended from Egypt on the east to what is now called Tripoli on the west; and it is said that several years will be devoted to this inquiry.

Doctor Woodney, Lieutenant Clapperton, of the Royal Navy, and Lieutenant Denman, of the army, left Weakley's Hotel, on Thursday, for Falmouth. They are about to proceed into the interior of Africa, to determine the course and termination of the river Niger, and are under the protection and authority of Lord Bathurst. They proceed from Tripoli to Mourzouk, under the immediate auspices of the Bey of Tripoli, and thence will endeavour to reach Tombuctoo or Bornou. These gentlemen intend going much farther eastward than most of the other expeditions which have attempted to penetrate into Africa, and are full of ardour and high hopes that their enterprise will be successful.—We understand that the narrative of an English traveller who penetrated to Tombuctoo, and resided for some time in that city, but was prevented from proceeding farther in the course of the Niger by a war then existing between the nations on its banks, will be shortly published.—*Plymouth Telegraph.*

A Paris letter says, "Never has there been such a rage for building at Paris as there is at present. It is affirmed that, during the last two or three months, 25,000 bricklayers, carpenters, &c. have arrived in the capital, all of whom have found employment."

Currents of the Ocean.—A bottle thrown from the Hecla, on its former voyage, 16th June, 1819, lat. 58° 13' N. and long. 46° 55' W. was found on the 29th July last on the south-east shore of the island of Teneriffe.

Tides.—On the 7th, the tide in the river Arun ebbed and flowed five times in two hours. A like variation from the natural course occurred on the 1st Nov. 1755, when the earthquake at Lisbon happened.

The Secret!—A Paris journal contains an advertisement, intitled, *A Notice to Ladies*, stating, that "those who wish to have their own

communications privately delivered, or to receive letters without being addressed to their own houses, may apply," &c. Might not this advertisement with more propriety be headed—*Notice to Husbands?*

Irish Pearls.—The Newry Telegraph states, that a number of fine pearls have recently been found in a species of muscle, in a river near Omagh. It describes some of them as very large and of great beauty.

Tradition.—A correspondent, referring to the notice of the Fire of London, in a chapter of Wine and Walnuts, assigns the following authentic and indubitable tradition, still preserved by the "ancient beldames" of Piecorner, as the cause of the inscription on the figure in Pudding-lane. "A little boy residing in Pudding-lane," say they, "once upon a time asked his mother for a piece of cake, and, upon her refusal to give it him, set fire to the house. Alarmed at the consequences of his mischievous exploit, the youngurchin ran away towards Smithfield; but woe the while! the fire still followed his footsteps, consuming, as the lawyers say, all houses, out-houses, edifices, and buildings of every kind and sort which fell into its way; till at last, a passer-by, seized with a generous indignation, threw the young gourmand headlong into the flames, and by this burnt-offering appeased the fury of the angry deities, and extinguished the dreadful fire of sixty-six."

The Boar.—On Thursday, the 13th, one of those rare phenomena called a *sea boar* was observed at Plymouth, along the adjacent coast, and also at Truro. The tide rose suddenly about four feet, and immediately retired. Several rivers in the world are regularly subject to this remarkable action of the water. The *boar* in the Severn is an extraordinary and striking sight, when, instead of a common tide, one magnificent and precipitous wall of wave, several feet high, and stretching from bank to bank, rushes up that fine river, and carries the immense mass of water, which fills its channel for thirty miles, from its mouth to above Gloucester. The Indus, and, we believe, two other rivers, exhibit similar appearances.

Hints to Punters.—Pun Military.

A young ensign, complaining of the smallness of his apartments at the barracks, after many attempts at a simile, compared them to a *nut-shell*; on which a friend congratulated him,—as, by dwelling in a *nut-shell*, he had thereby attained the rank of *Kernel*.

Pun Naval.

An elderly officer, who had spent the best years of his life in the service, having to dance attendance for months together to see the First Lord of the Admiralty, compared the inconvenience to being *Keel-haul'd*, as it was *under-going a great hardship*.

Pun Mechanical.

A gentleman going into a shop to have a fresh case to his watch at the time the tax was laid on watches, was asked what sort of case he would choose? "Any," replied he, "but the one which is so prevalent with you—*Chagrin*."

A Prize.—An inhabitant of the department of Landes, in France, anxious to contribute, by his superfluity of fortune, to the advancement of science and useful discoveries in this enlightened age, proposes to award a prize, consisting of a gold medal, worth five hundred francs, to the ingenious person who may solve the following problem:

"To construct a square and its two diagonals by a single movement of the hand, and without passing twice over the same line."

Literary Notices.

M. GOERRES, whose political works have created so strong a sensation, is now at Arau, in Switzerland, occupied on a new publication, intitled, "*Europe and the Revolution*."

Sir George Naylor is preparing a splendid account of the Coronation, which will be a heraldic and formal reference for all future ceremonies of the same kind.

The third volume of the works of Napoleon Buonaparté has just been published in Paris. This volume completes the collection of the letters written by Buonaparté while he commanded the army of Italy; and commences the account of the arrangements he made to prepare for the Egyptian Expedition. This part also contains the remarkable letter of Matteo Buttafoco and *le Souper de Beaucaire*, or conversations of several inhabitants of the South on the political events of the day. These two last-mentioned works of the young lieutenant of artillery have been hitherto almost unknown, and there remained but little hope of recovering them. Two printers, M. Joly, of Dole, and M. Tournai, of Avignon, however, preserved a copy each, and they are now reprinted in their original state. The volume contains upwards of 400 letters of Buonaparté.

Meteorological Journal.

SEPTEMBER.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 13.	from 43 to 67	29.89 to 29.95
Wind W. 3 & 4.	Generally cloudy, with rain in the evening.	
Friday 14.	from 42 to 60	29.94 to 30.06
Wind S. W. 4 and N. E. 4.	Raining till noon; the rest of the day generally cloudy.	
Saturday 15.	from 41 to 67	30.19 to 30.20
Wind N. b. E. 4 & N. W. 4.	Morning clear; clouds generally passing the rest of the day.	
Sunday 16.	from 58 to 72	30.20 to 30.17
Wind S. W. 4.	Generally cloudy; a little rain in the afternoon.	
Monday 17.	from 57 to 73	30.12 to 30.07
Wind W. 4.	Generally cloudy.	
Tuesday 18.	from 59 to 73	29.95 to 29.89
Wind W. 1 & 2.	Clouds passing till the evening, when it became clear.	
Wednesday 19.	from 41 to 67	29.83 to 29.94
Wind W. b. S. 1 & N. W. 2.	Clouds generally passing.	
	Rain fallen during the week 3 of an inch.	
	On Wednesday, the 26th, at 26 min. 54 sec. after 10 o'clock, the 1st satellite of Jupiter will immerse into an eclipse.	
	Lat. 51. 37. 32. N. Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.	
	Edmonton, Middlesex.	JOHN ADAMS.

To Correspondents.

H. W. of Bath, is referred to the L. G. No. 33. On a hasty glance, we cannot find the antecedent information which he desires, but it must be in our vol. for 1817.

Rusticus' poetical defence of the removal of the *Iron from Rusticus*, (see L. G. No. 240, p. 332,) does not demand insertion; in a note he mentions a curious fact, namely, that on Sunday, the 12th of August, a robin red-breast perched in front of the sounding-board of the organ, and sung there his anthem for five minutes together during the service.

Gonsalvo is safe, but we have not yet had leisure to comply with the writer's wish. We should be glad of a private address at any convenient place.

Celia's letter accidentally passed a fit time for notice. At present the Editor's views do not require the proffered Essays.

A Reader wishes to be informed, what mixture or preparation will prevent ink from sinking on the paper on which foreign and English music is printed?

Advertisements.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Price 6s. the New Number of
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW; or, CRITICAL JOURNAL, being No. LXX.
Contents:—Art. I. Lord Byron's Navarin Fiasco.—II. State of Prussia.—III. Classical Education, Daltzell's Lectures.—IV. Capital Punishments.—V. Melmoth, the Wanderer.—VI. Godwin on Malthus.—VII. Art of War.—VIII. Man Traps and Spring Guns, Barnewall's Reports.—IX. Southey's Vision of Judgment.—X. Tomline's Life of Pitt.—XI. James's Essays on Money, Speech of M. Attwood, Esq. and Misset on Currency.—XII. Sismondi's History of France.—XIII. High Church National Education, a Letter to a Member of Parliament, by the Rev. R. Lloyd.
Printed for A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh, and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London; of whom may be had all the former Numbers.

The late Dr. Polidori's New Poem.

In two parts, price 4s. 6d.
THE FALL OF THE ANGELS. A Poem in Two Cantos. By J. W. POLIDORI, M.D.
Printed for John Warren, Old Bond-street.

To Country Booksellers, Stationers, &c.
HUTTON'S EDITION OF BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

In folio, and may be had GRATIS through the Medium of any London Bookseller.
SHOW BOARDS with Specimens of the Engravings of this Popular Work, which is published every Saturday—a Number, embossed with Two Engravings, for Sixpence, and the whole completed in 30 Numbers.

Smirke's Shakespeare, No. 2.
ILLUSTRATIONS OF TAMING OF THE SHREW, being the Second Number of ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE, from Pictures painted expressly for this work by ROBERT SMIRKE, Esq. R. A. Engraved in the finest style by the most Renowned Historical Engravers. The Play illustrated is published at the same time.

No. III. Merry Wives of Windsor, will appear in November.
Printed for Rodwell and Martin, New Bond-street; and sold by Colnaghi and Co. Cockspur-street, and the principal Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

On Saturday next, will be published, in 2 vols. 12mo.
THE RECLUSE. A Romance. By the VISCOUNT D'ARLINCOURT.
Printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit-street.

Dr. Knox's Spirit of Despotism.
In the Press, handsomely printed in one volume, octavo, price 10s. 6d. in boards.
THE SPIRIT OF DESPOTISM. By VICESIMUS KNOX, D.D.
London: Originally printed, 1795. Reprinted by William Hone, 43, Ludgate-hill, 1821.

Godwin on Population.
MR. DAVID BOOTH is preparing for publication "A LETTER to the Rev. T. H. MALTHUS, M.A. F.R.S. relative to the REPLY (inserted in the 70th Number of the EDINBURGH REVIEW), to Mr. GODWIN'S INQUIRY concerning POPULATION," in which the erroneous nature of the Theories of Mr. Malthus will be more fully illustrated.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, and Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at the Literary Gazette Office, 362, (Exeter Change) Strand, and 7, South-Moulton Street, Oxford Street; sold also by E. Maitland, Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Hill; and J. Chappell and Son, 94, Royal Exchange.
T. C. Hamead, Printer, Peterborough-court, Fleet-street.